

the LINK

July 1970

FIDDLE FOOT

INTEGRITY AND LOYALTY

LUMP IN YOUR THROAT





I am an American. I am free.
I love my country and with glowing pride
I cherish each moment of liberty—
For which I know many good men have died.
Freedom isn't easy; it requires pain;
To ensure it means ceaseless sacrifice,
And more often than not our blood will stain
The paddies and fields where we've paid its price.
Seed we have sown in the Garden of Blood
And perhaps much more has yet to be sown.
But I choose death in a puddle of mud,
To being a slave and my thoughts unknown.
Yes, my nation I love, cherish and trust;
To help keep it free, I'll die if I must!

—Robert Galloway



THE

LINK



A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL

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NO. 7

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- Front: "Nature and Books belong to the eyes that see them."—All cover photos by H. Armstrong Roberts.
- Back: "One flag, one land, one heart, One nation, evermore!"—Oliver Wendell Holmes.
- Inside Front: "God Bless America."
- Inside Back: "What so Proudly we hail'd!"

ART WORK: Illustrations by James Talone.

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SOUND OFF

From One of Our Fiction Writers

The April issue is a beautiful one—read it from cover to cover. Excellent articles, covers, and small pieces. My story is so well done and with the excellent, exciting illustration which makes one want to read it. The other story was good, too. Thank you for doing such a nice job—am proud to be in THE LINK.

—Lenore Morgan, 612 North Saginaw Road, Midland, Mich. 48640.

Best Regards

Enclosed is a contribution of ten dollars (\$10.00) from the Chaplain Service of this hospital. Thank you for your every complimentary service to us, and best regards for your continuing ministry.

—W. T. Bassett, Chairman, Chaplain Service, V. A. Hospital, 921 Northeast 13th St., Oklahoma City, Okla. 73104.

Have a Good Day

“Have a Good Day” is a non-tract tract published by Tyndale House Publishers, 336 Gunderson Drive, Wheaton, Ill. 60187. It is a small, 4-page, issued monthly,

(Continued on page 65)

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Thank You, America!

PERMIT me, a Canadian, to express a long overdue "Thank You, America"—not only for putting a man on the moon, but for almost two hundred years of contributing to the betterment of mankind. For the airplane, radio, cotton gin, phonograph, elevator, movie machine, typewriter, polio vaccine, safety razor, ballpoint pen, and zipper!

No other land in all the world has, in so brief a history, contributed so much and asked so little—only that we live together in peace and freedom.

From the days of Washington and Lincoln, you have demonstrated the creativity, invention, and progress of free men living in a free society — where ideas and aspirations may be promoted to the extent of a man's willingness to work and build a "better mousetrap" with commensurate rewards.

Thank you for upholding the principles and rights of freedom and liberty; for the American Constitution and Bill of Rights and for protecting those rights even when it results in the burning of your flag and the murder of your President.

Thank you for those who helped defend freedom on foreign soil in two World Wars — a debt we have been able to pay in small measure by way of some 10,000 Canadian volunteers who stand and fight with you in Vietnam; for the Foreign Aid you give even when your hand is bitten and your motives impugned; for keeping your dignity in the face of insults from nations still wet behind the ears; for your patience with those who seek to steal the world and enslave its people; for keeping your cool even when the Trojan horse mounts the steps of the White House to insolently spew forth its treason.

Thank you for keeping alive the concept of individual liberty and faith in God in a world wallowing in humanistic collectivism.

For those reasons and so much more, I say: "Thank you, America, and God bless you."

Patricia Young, Vancouver, B. C.

—From *The Courier*, McChord AFB, Washington

Submitted by Ernestine Schindler

The Christian and the Present Age

By Haydn Gilmore

COMPUTERS the size of tetherballs, routine trips to the moon, and worldwide television via satellite characterize this age. Unprecedented discoveries continue to form the hallmarks of our culture.

It is not sheer population explosion that we regard with fear; there are enough raw materials on the continents to care for all. If there were no selfishness, greed, war, or violence, we could have resources for a mankind tripled in number. The sea alone could feed us.

But there is something not right with the world which makes "Happysville" a vapid dream. *Utopia* is still what it was in the days of Sir Thomas More (1478-1535)—Never-never-land ("Nowheresville"). For *ou topia* in Greek means "no place." We shall return to this thought in a moment.

In the world, as you know it to be, is there a place for a robed Savior, hands outstretched, ascending from a mountaintop? Or is it all only part of a medieval legend? What place does it have in the present world?

And what of gold-plated crosses, hymnbooks, surpliced choirs? Is this, too, part of a tawdry dream? And those disciples with the beards and the bathrobe-like garments?

Many of your contemporaries feel that it is sheer nonsense and the butt of many giggles and ludicrous comments.

As a Christian, have you ever felt the stings and barbs of the modern world, as Jesus Christ is, in effect, insulted to your face? Does the world really have a warm heart and a glad hand for the Babe in the Manger? And what of that story of the thief on the cross with

Chaplain Gilmore retired from the Air Force and now teaches at Keystone Junior College, LaPlume, Pa.

the other one? What of that early morning getting-up to see the empty tomb?

"That is only for stick-in-the-sand squares, boy, you know that." Is that an answer you have ever heard (or even been tempted to think yourself)?

So—Is Christianity Relevant?

Let's not have a simple, simpering, cute set of sayings like: "It's what you think it is." Or, "Everyone gets a little something out of being kind." Or, "But it is a *useful* myth." All such trivial attempts to square the Christian faith with today's world will end up on the philosophic garbage heap.

For, as you know, men do not want to see the issues avoided by sweet double talk. The day of Christians "saying nothing beautifully" (and getting away with it)—is over.

We are faced, then, with the distinct, jagged possibility that the Christian faith is not part of the globular humanism which would lump all men together and create one new world—without Jesus Christ. In that scheme Jesus would have a place in the pantheon. But keep him out of the discussions of therapy. "We will not have this man reign over us." Who needs him? There are drugs for everything. There is dollar power, tinkling comfort in soft lights, booze, and the hopes of a wonderful world based on these—just around the corner.

However, under these conditions it would be well to avoid all news

reports. For in hourly and instantaneous news you will hear and see disturbing accounts of the latest in human folly, conflict, and "man's inhumanity to man." In some instances you will be sure that even animals would not behave so badly.

But, if we face all facts, we discover that Jesus Christ did indeed live on this earth.

The Christian can be sure that Jesus keeps on coming back into the deliberations of men. He will intrude into the shopping centers, into the debaters' corners, into days of political and national disaster. Jesus Christ is persistently coming back. Men are going to have to square themselves with the One who bears that wonderful name.

Look at it real close and you may find that Jesus Christ is the only One who really loved mankind... the lepers, the outcasts, the wretched, the quisling-publicans—all the scum of the earth, and then all of the common people (a dreary lot). You can sense that he will be the judge of the mighty foolers who have played games with their positions of "leadership" and who have not worked for the sake of people. Jesus Christ will also be the judge of those who have become great—without giving honor to the living God.

Some young people today who wear beards, long robes, and sandals might be the first to tell us (regardless of how we may or may not agree with what they wear) that the tanned Carpenter who trod around the Sea of Galilee in thonged sandals might be more rel-

evant than the world currently suspects.

Apart from the passing fads of fashion and thought, one is compelled to review the evidence upon which our faith is based. Christ is a fact of history and Scripture. The Bible is squarely rooted in history. It is also a spiritual book. These two legs hold the body of God's truth—and walk well.

Doctor Luke said of the evidence:

Inasmuch as many have undertaken to compile a narrative of the things which have been accomplished among us, just as they were delivered to us by those who from the beginning were eyewitnesses and ministers of the word, it seemed good to me also, having followed all things closely for some time past, to write an orderly account for you, most excellent Theophilus, that you may know the truth concerning the things of which you have been informed" (Luke 1:1-4).

Paul the Apostle was a "no-nonsense" man in the real world of mature, forthright vigor. He got kicked around the ancient world ("buffeted" he would say) and yet he gives us no hard luck story. Christ was more real to Paul than the act of breathing itself. We, also, find a personal experience of Christ as we read the Bible. The heavenly music and witness is, therefore, like the "voice of a great multitude, like the sound of many waters and like the sound of mighty thunderpeals."

That rugged fisherman, that bumbling "Let me see it for myself" Peter tells us: "For we did not fol-

low cleverly devised myths . . . but we were eyewitnesses of his majesty" (2 Peter 1:16).

So when you ask, "Is Christianity relevant?" please investigate if Christ himself is of any worth today.

Is It Not a Foolish Query?

Look at the desperate spiritual needs of men and look at your own, and then ask yourself if it is not a foolish query. If we face the question, "What right do we have to appear before the righteous Creator to whom we are responsible?" we are looking at a sharp one. But it has a gentle answer. Men need the Lord to represent their cases before God. And Jesus Christ shows a loving Father to us.

Some things do not change. Men still need water and oxygen. We carry these substances with us to the moon. As we ourselves, so Galileo and Kepler the astronomer, or old Job himself (also a pretty fair star-gazer) needed water. Time has not changed this need. Jesus our Lord is one of these vital, life-sustaining elements.

The Christian, however, may change; for, change is often growth.

But, the Christian is not to be poured into the world's mold. The world—even the modern world—is not that fair and grand.

I recall a student in college indicating to me as an instructor that the Greeks of ancient days had a marvelous time and that they even worked homosexuality into their system. It must have been marvelous, he thought. I did correct his erroneous view by showing him evi-

dence from Greek history, plays, and poems that indicate things in that culture of horror and fearful sadness. The favorite proverb of the "Golden Age" was often repeated in poems and plays of the time: "The best thing that could happen to a man would be to never have been born in the first place." That does not sound as though things in those days of Greece were so chipper after all.

The Old Testament had it right. The Gentiles dwelt in darkness and in the shadow of death. (See Matthew 4:16). Let us not forget that there was a spiritual judgment against refined, barbarous, kind, cruel, "civilized" Greece.

Now take the word "relevant." It comes from "to lift again" (As in the world "leverage"). Something is relevant if it lifts anything!

Jesus, our Lord, does lift people and situations. The disciple will continuously place every resource of his or her personality at the disposal of the Holy Spirit, who can take these lives and bless our age—through word, but especially through deeds.

The present age is further removed from Jesus Christ than you and fellow Christians may have suspected. Let the increasing disparity of life in Christ and life in the world make you conscious that you have a job to do.

You, as a believing Christian, are to represent Jesus Christ in the midst of a darkening world that does not know Him.

The present age needs you like miners need lamps. The present

age needs you like starving babies need milk. The present age needs you like disturbed people need friends. The present age needs you like lost mariners need inertial and astro-guidance. The present age needs you like blind men need eyes.

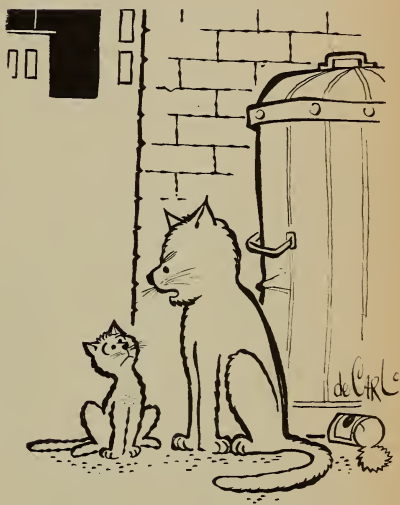
What are you doing about it for Jesus Christ? ■ ■

TRUE WISDOM

All the books
On all the shelves
Cannot make us
Happy selves

Unless the heart,
As well, can learn
From the pages
That we turn.

—Mary Louise Cheatham



"Don't you ever let me hear again you're getting tired of the rat race!"

*E.
Stanley
Jones:
World
Evangelist*

By Charles Ludwig



Dr. E. Stanley Jones

MANY psychologists say that it takes as much nervous energy to preach a good sermon as it does to sweat through six-or-eight hours of hard, manual labor. Nevertheless, slender, white-haired E. Stanley Jones celebrated sometime ago his eightieth year by speaking 736 times!

Puzzled by the way he can do this, I slowed my car as we approached his hotel, and asked him. "I can do it because of the three g's," he said, a satisfied tone dominating his rather thin voice.

"The three g's are: grace, grass and gumption."

The grass he refers to is a food supplement, and the gumption means that he had learned not to worry, to eat properly, and to take plenty of exercise. The exercise includes a daily swim whenever possible.

"I want to go full steam ahead until the old boiler bursts," he declares, and adds, confidently, "I can do as much now as I could forty years ago."

Dr. E. Stanley Jones is probably

read more than any Christian evangelist in the world today. His twenty-three books have sold over three and a-half million copies, and he has been translated into thirty languages. He has preached to some of the largest audiences ever gathered, has won tens of thousands for Christ, and was nominated by D. Thorvald Kallstad—a member of the Swedish Parliament—as a candidate for the Nobel Peace Prize in 1962. Yet, during the first years of his ministry he was colorless and almost a complete failure. But in order to understand this we must go back—way back—to his beginnings.

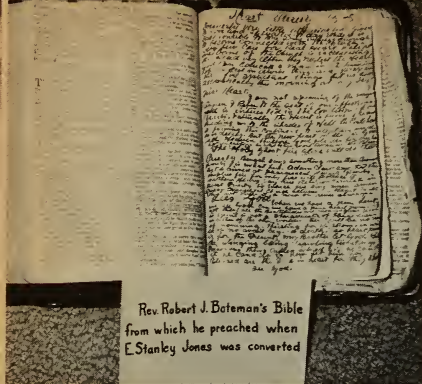
E. STANLEY was born on January 3, 1884, at a farm home near Clarksville, Maryland. His father was a combination farmer, shoemaker and toll collector. Very little is known about E. Stanley's boyhood. When a man wrote, telling him something about his family's history and requesting that he write an article about his youth, E. Stanley replied in a letter that I read in a Jones' collection in Baltimore.

My dear Brother Long,

It was good of you to write and tell me a bit of our family history which I did not know. I appreciate your

The Jones house near Clarksville, Maryland, where E. Stanley Jones was born on January 3, 1884. He was the third of four children.





Rev. Robert J. Bateman's Bible
from which he preached when
E. Stanley Jones was converted

Here is the Bible belonging to the Rev. Robert J. Bateman. It was from this Bible that Bateman preached when E. Stanley Jones was converted.

request for an article on my boyhood days, but for the life of me I do not know what I would say, for there does not seem to be anything particularly interesting or inspiring in my boyhood. *My life really began with my conversion . . .*

During his teens E. Stanley felt a deep longing for Christ and a heavy conviction of sin. He had a feeling that there was a way of victory. Then an evangelist from Tennessee, Robert Bateman, began a series of meetings in a Methodist church in Baltimore. E. Stanley attended, and toward the beginning of the meeting went forward to the altar to pray for salvation. As he prayed, the light of a better life streamed into his heart. In a moment he was on his feet saying with exultation, "I've got it!" Later, he testified that he had such an intense feeling of love that he wished he could throw his arms

around the entire world.

Hungry for more and more of God's blessings, he went into the Bible and searched for more truth. When he was convinced that there was even a deeper experience than salvation—the experience of full commitment—he sought and experienced it. "Do you believe in the baptism of the Holy Spirit?" I asked him on one occasion.

"I certainly do," he replied with enthusiasm. "I have seen a lot of missionaries go to India who were not fully committed. They don't last very long. God sent the Holy Spirit for a purpose."

Before his conversion, E. Stanley had planned to become a lawyer. But almost immediately after he got up from the altar he felt his call to the Christian ministry. Fully committed, he entered Asbury College in Wilmore, Kentucky, and helped pay his way through by selling insurance. He received his A.B. in 1906.

A number of men have earned their M.A. and Ph.D. degrees by writing theses on the theology of E. Stanley Jones. Jones himself ruefully smiles about this, for his only formal education ended at the undergraduate level. "My graduate work," he explains when he wants to rest an audience with a twist of humor, "was taken at the School of Hard Knocks where the colors are black and blue."

A first lesson in this school came when he preached his first sermon. The little building was filled with relatives and friends; and since he had determined to make a good im-



The new Memorial Methodist Church in Baltimore. This building replaced the one where E. Stanley Jones was converted.

pression, he spent three weeks preparing that sermon.

Starting out with an unusually high voice, he suddenly mispronounced the word: indifferentism. This caused a young lady to smile and hang her head. Embarrassed, E. Stanley became confused. His mind went blank. He grasped the pulpit and tried to remember his carefully planned line of thinking. His grip tightened until his knuckles were white. But it was no use. Finally, with an extremely red face, he confessed, "I am very sorry, but I have forgotten my sermon." Then he shuffled toward his seat.

But just as he was going to sit down, an Inner Voice said, "Haven't I done something for you? If so, you

could tell that." Encouraged, he returned to the pulpit and in a very humble way spoke of his conversion. After the service, a young man knelt with him and accepted Christ.

UPON graduation from Asbury, E. Stanley applied to his Missionary Board to be sent to Africa. Instead, they sent him to India where he became the pastor of a church in Lucknow. He learned Hindi and Urdu, and to the distress of some of his fellow missionaries, wore Indian clothes. India was hot; the people were slow; and he was full of energy. He took the brakes off his bicycle and proceeded to work as if the entire Indian com-



The altar rail at which E. Stanley Jones was saved. This rail was in the old church and was removed carefully and placed in the new church.

munity depended on him. At the end of eight and a-half years he was a physical wreck. The climate, worry, inner tension, an appendicitis operation and tetanus forced him to bed. He returned to America for a year's rest and then tried it again. But he was still a desperately ill man. It seemed he was being forced to give up missionary work.

And then he was led to a meeting in Lucknow. As he listened to the evangelist, an inner voice said, "Are you ready for the work to

which I have called you?"

He replied at once, "No, Lord, I am done for. I have reached the end of my resources."

Then the voice said, "If you will turn that over to me and not worry about it, I will take care of it." To this Jones replied, "Lord, I close the bargain right here." Immediately a great sense of peace filled him. He had a new strength and a new confidence. For weeks it seemed he was on holy ground.

His first book, *Christ of the Indian Road*, came out in 1925 and surprised everyone by selling six hundred thousand copies, and by being translated into five languages. Book writing became a real ministry. Since then, he has made a practice of writing a new book every two years. Many of his books have been written at Sat Tal Ashram, a lovely hideout in the Himalayan mountains. This lovely place has become the beginning of the Ashram movement—a movement that provides an opportunity for people to camp out, live with others on a first name basis and search their souls for spiritual truths. Dr. Jones frequently tries out his book manuscripts at these places. This helps him write the kind of thing that is most needed.

One of the reasons his books sell so well is that they do something to the reader. I know a lady who managed to smile through a very hard period in her life because of *Abundant Living*, a book she read over and over again. Another reason for their popularity is that Jones knows how to get at every-

day problems. His solutions are not from an ivory tower, for he has experienced the bitterest kinds of tensions in his own life. He knows with certainty that God has solutions for every difficulty. "I've been a very ordinary man doing extraordinary things because I am linked up with grace."

Dr. Jones has a great supply of anecdotes and knows how to use them effectively. Many of these come from his world travels. A fa-

vorite concerns a pastor's son. "Sitting next to you is the second best honor I have ever had," said the boy admiringly.

"What was your greatest honor?" asked Jones.

"Shaking hands with Joe Louis!"

The central point of all of Jones' thinking is the very simple and yet profound statement he likes to include in his autographs: "Jesus is Lord!" This fact has dominated his life. ■ ■



"I didn't say that you enjoy being ill. I said that not many people have monogrammed pills of their very own..."

Two Worlds

By Louis M. Merryman, Jr.

AT 1830 hours our caravan of two cars arrives at the VA Hospital recreation hall. The teen-agers unload our record player, game equipment, and the assorted baked goods we have brought with us. We deposit our coats at the door and begin our trek.

"We" are the Protestant Youth of the Chapel and members of the Adult Sunday school class. Our "trek" is our third visit to the closed ward we have adopted at the nearby VA mental hospital.

The fourteen of us—four adults and ten teen-agers—go down to the basement of the recreation hall. One of the hospital's recreation supervisors provides us with a movie projector, fruit punch, and two carts for our equipment. One of the girls jumps on, too, for a free ride.

Forward Ho! We begin to walk. The underground passageways twist and turn. Finally, three-quarters of a mile later we come to the building housing our adopted friends. A short elevator ride away

is the entrance to their world.

They are expecting us. Through the window of the locked ward door they recognize our chaplain. He smiles and waves, returning their looks of recognition.

We then enter their world. "Main Street" is L-shaped. It is twelve feet wide and about one hundred and-fifty feet long. All the closed doors are locked. Ten of the permanent residents watch silently as we march in. The only sound comes from our youthful teen-agers.

At the end of the hall is the ward's living room. Thirty permanent residents are seated around the room watching us. Some say "Hello." This is our third visit. They are dressed for the most part in sport shirts and slacks. One is really decked out in sports coat, dark glasses, and sports bowler.

Our chaplain starts the ball rolling by announcing the first game. They're going to form two teams and have a tie-tying contest. Six men are talked, goaded, or prodded

into participation. Four tie their ties. One almost makes it. One doesn't. For participating each contestant receives a candy bar.

The next game goes better. It is to drop a clothespin into a bottle. The more agile go first. In goes the clothespin. Every winner gets a candy bar. Our youths recruit the more hesitant. Even the ones who are stiff from years of sitting try with help from our teens.

"Like this."

"Hold it steady."

"Ooops."

"Try again."

"There it goes."

"It's in!"

Our attempts at sing-a-long fall flat. We don't do very well in leading. They sing silently to themselves: remembering other places, other times. Two men dance with the ward nurse.

The feature of the evening is an Air Force flick with Bob Hope narrating on the military life in Alaska. It was a nice place to visit.

Then it's party time. VA fruit punch and home-baked goodies are well received and everyone has a good time. There are lots of smiles and some small chatter.

All good things, however, must end. There are some "good-bys"; some "Thank you's." Some, not many. Years of silent sitting have created an inwardness of emotion which three visits—even of good friends—cannot pierce. Some of our adopted men follow us down the hall to the end of their world and the beginning of ours.

As we walk the three-quarters of

a mile back to the cars, we notice our kids are a little more subdued. They had had a good time and are worn out. Their actions have brought to mind our Lord's words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me" (Matthew 25:40 KJV). ■ ■

SAD TRUTH

I've made this observation

While browsing 'round the town:

Some people bring their children up...

Some people let them down.

—F. G. Kernan



"If you promise to leave me out of your book, I won't mention you in mine."

Fiddle Foot

By Wayne C. Lee

The choice was his... Ignore Liza's tears? Keep his date with Meg? Rescue Liza's dog? And be considered irresponsible?

YOU WILL come to the picnic, won't you, Clint?" Meg Foster asked, more than a trace of anxiety in her voice.

Clint Dustal stretched up to his full six feet. "I said I would, didn't I? You can depend on me."

Meg smiled. "I am depending on you, Clint. Don't be late."

Clint's brown eyes flashed in irritation, but he checked his temper. That temper was just another one of the things he had to watch. If it had been anybody but Meg hinting that he couldn't be depended on, he would have let his anger show. But Meg meant too much to him. He couldn't get angry at her.

Swinging into his saddle, he looked down on Meg, all five feet of her,

crowned with a wealth of hair the color of ripe wheat. He was lucky that she had faith in him. But her faith was being challenged on every turn by her father.

"We'll have a grand time at the picnic," he promised and touched the flanks of his horse, sending him out of the yard at a run.

He knew what they were saying back there. He'd been called a fiddle foot ever since he was a boy. He had tried to live up to the reputation they had given him and had gone off when he was still too young to seek his fortune in the world. They had predicted he'd come back soon, dragging his hopes between his legs.

They'd been right in a way; his



hopes hadn't panned out. But his pride wouldn't have let him come back if his father hadn't died, leaving his mother with no one to run the ranch. Clint had come back to take over.

Clint hadn't considered Meg anything more than a good friend before he left. But he hadn't been back a month until that friendship had blossomed into something far deeper.

That had brought about the current problem. Clint was sure he knew the arguments thrown at Meg every day.

Clint couldn't be depended on, Meg's father would insist. He'd start a job then quit when the going got tough. He wouldn't accept responsibility. He always took the easy way out. He was just a plain fiddle foot and would never amount to a hill of beans.

Nobody would believe Clint had changed. The responsibilities of running the ranch and his plans for a future with Meg made a lot of difference in his outlook on life. But even Clint wasn't sure his old habits were completely broken.

As he did his chores, his mind stayed on the picnic tomorrow. It was just a Sunday school picnic but somehow it had become a test of his dependability. If he didn't get to that picnic on time, Henry Foster would make such an issue of it that Meg would be ostracized if she even spoke to him. Well, he'd show them! He'd be there and he'd make it on time, too.

Maybe the fact that it was a Sunday school picnic had something to

do with it. Meg had always gone to church, but Clint hadn't. As a boy, he'd always found something else to do on Sunday. He'd changed in that respect, too, but apparently no one believed he really meant it.

At supper, his mother reported that George Madden had been over accusing the Dustals of letting their cattle in on his hay meadow again. Clint's anger smoldered. He was sure that Madden had figured on getting the Dustal ranch from Clint's mother after Clint's father had died. Nobody expected Clint to come back and run the ranch. Now Madden was trying to discourage Clint so he would quit. Then he could buy the ranch cheap from Clint's mother.

"I'll check the fence tomorrow morning before the picnic," Clint promised.

"Don't lose your temper if you see George," his mother warned.

CLINT allowed himself two hours to work on the fence the next morning. If he didn't have it done by then, it would just have to wait. He wasn't going to be late to that picnic.

He found the break that required resetting two posts and stretching some wire and had it fixed twenty minutes ahead of the schedule he had set for himself. Mounting, he rode along the fence, making sure there was no other place to fix. The fence ran on past the meadow into the canyon country and Clint followed it into the breaks.

He was on the point of turning back at the brink of the first

canyon when he heard a cry along the canyon rim toward Madden's. Looking that way, he saw Liza Madden, George's ten-year-old daughter, running along the lip of the canyon, staring down and calling.

Curiosity nudged him but his resolve not to be late to the picnic kept him from turning his horse that way. Anyway, he didn't want to get involved with anything or anybody related to George Madden. Obviously Liza Madden was in some kind of trouble, but she seemed to be in no danger herself. That was good enough for Clint. He wasn't needed over there.

But then Liza saw him and waved frantically at him. That changed the picture. He had the reputation of ignoring responsibility when it came at him. This would be a good time to live up to that reputation, especially since it was Liza Madden who was shoving the responsibility at him.

Then he shrugged. What harm could come of finding out what was wrong? He wouldn't have to do anything. After all, she was a Madden and nobody would expect Clint Dustal to go out of his way to help a Madden. He still had a few minutes to spare before he'd have to start for the picnic.

Nudging his horse into a trot, he rode over to the girl. "What's wrong, Liza?" he asked.

"My dog fell over the canyon wall," she sobbed.

He grinned. This was hardly a major tragedy. "Why don't you go home and have your dad come and

get him?"

"Daddy is down in the north pasture," Liza said. "I think Bruno is hurt."

Clint sighed and dismounted. "Where is he?"

"Down there," Liza said, running to the lip of the canyon rim and pointing down.

Clint looked. It wasn't often that a dog fell like that. But Liza's dog was down there and he wasn't moving much. He was either frightened or hurt.

"He'll be all right there till your dad gets home," he said.

"He may fall off that ledge all the way to the bottom," Liza said. "Please, Mr. Dustal, won't you help me get him?"

Clint chewed his lip. He wouldn't hesitate to help Liza if it wasn't for that picnic. But if he arrived at the picnic late and gave the excuse that he was rescuing a dog, especially a dog belonging to a Madden, nobody, not even Meg, would believe him.

On the other hand, if he were in trouble and help was close by but turned away, how would he feel? He'd been trying to live by the "Do Unto Others" rule since he came back to the ranch. He figured that was what Meg would want and he had certainly gotten more satisfaction out of it than from the careless, carefree way he had lived before.

But now he was on a spot. Mr. Foster didn't think that Clint had any deep feeling for the church anyway, and ignoring the Sunday school picnic would prove it in his

eyes. He'd refuse to let Meg see Clint any more and Meg was not one to disobey a direct order from her parents.

"Please, Mr. Dustal," Liza pleaded.

CLINT looked down at the little girl's anguished face and swung off his horse. He'd face the problem of Meg and her father later. He couldn't enjoy the picnic or anything else if he rode off and left Liza Madden crying for her dog.

Clint discovered that there was more than lost time involved in getting the dog back to the top of the canyon wall. There was no way to get down to the dog except by rope and nothing to fasten the rope to except the saddle of his horse. It was going to be risky business. He'd be lucky if he didn't get a rock on the head before he reached the dog.

He went down slowly, expecting trouble every foot of the way. The rope was barely long enough to reach the ledge where the dog crouched. The dog appeared to be bruised, but otherwise unhurt from his fall. Clint fashioned a cradle from his shirt and tied it to the rope. Then after a little persuasion, he got the dog into the cradle and fastened down, calling to Liza to pull him up.

The dog made the trip safely, then the rope came back down for Clint. When he reached the top, he saw that it was almost time for the picnic to begin. He'd be an hour late, at least. Maybe he'd do well not to go at all.

"I've got to hurry, Mr. Dustal," Liza said. "Mama and I have to meet Daddy right away. Thanks for saving Bruno."

Liza ran toward her house one-half mile away. Clint swung back into the saddle, debating about the picnic. With a sigh, he nudged his horse into a lope. He'd go; it would be cowardly not to. He'd tell them the truth and let them reach their own conclusions. He was sure what those conclusions would be.

He was an hour late reaching the picnic. He expected a cold reception, but he got no reception at all. A buggy had arrived just ahead of him and everyone was crowded around it.

As Clint dismounted, he recognized the buggy as one belonging to George Madden. Mrs. Madden and Liza were getting out of it while George was tying his saddle horse to the buggy wheel, evidently having met the buggy on the way here. Clint hadn't expected the Maddens at the picnic but then he realized he should have. Liza and her mother went to Sunday school every week.

Clint moved up behind Meg while everybody was listening to Liza tell her story. When Liza finished, Meg turned to her father.

"You can't say Clint shirked his duty this time, Dad," she said. "He's doing a good job on his ranch, too, and he comes to church regularly. He's not a fiddle foot any more."

Henry Foster nodded. "Looks like you're right, Meg."

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For God, Country and Sports

FOR ANY American God, Country, and Sports are important in his life. To Reverend Robert E. Richards they are super-important; he has made it a full-time job to serve all three. In sporting circles he was known as the "Vaulting Vicar" because of his pole-vaulting ability. All in all, the great athlete managed to top the 15-foot mark over 100 times.

He was the third child born to Leslie and Margaret Richards on February 20, 1922, at Champaign, Illinois. This youngster was gifted with two factors: he had an all-around athletic ability and a burning desire to excel. When he was about eight he could chin himself over 30 times. The mark of a champion began to show when he won the city park tumbling contest. He then placed in the YMCA junior diving championships. During his high-school days he was a star basketball and football player. At 12, he took up pole-vaulting because his team lacked one. He won this event with a vault of six-feet-nine inches.

He became interested in religion at 15. Several years later he decided to take up the cloth by enrolling at Bridgewater College in Virginia. Bob later transferred to the University of Illinois being ordained in 1946.

His desire to excel was clearly shown when he tied for first place in the pole-vaulting contest at the University of Illinois. His jump at that time was 13 feet 8 inches. In 1947, at the Collegiate Track Championships he managed 14 feet. A year later at Madison Square he did it at 14 feet six inches. He reached 14 feet 11 inches in 1950 at the Millrose Games. In the 1951 Games he cleared the "magic number" 15 feet 1 inch, becoming the second athlete in sports history to reach 15 feet. Before he called it quits, the Reverend managed to tower 15 feet 4-3/4 inches.

During his years as an ordained minister, he has lectured extensively, sometimes delivering as many as three hundred inspirational speeches a season.

Today Bob is director of Wheaties Sports Federation, and has spoken to over six million of our nation's youths and adults on the essentials of physical fitness and clean living. In his famous words, "the family that plays and prays together stays together."

—Mario DeMarco

Group With a Purpose

By Aubrey B. Haines

Music is a universal language understood by all people

DID you ever wish that you could travel with a purpose? A group of young people from the First Baptist Church of Van Nuys, California, did just that. Not on a pleasure tour, they sought to bring the gospel in song and testimony to persons who had not heard it before.

The College-Career Club of the church began evangelical outreach in 1967, when leaders of the group sought an effective way to present Christ's claims to their fellow students during Easter vacation. Palm Springs was chosen as a place to find thousands of young people who do not attend church. The students who came there would be interested in many things, but religion would be low on the list if at all present. The Van Nuys young people used

the Chi Chi—a huge, plush night club that was vacant—rent free for a week.

They realized that if several thousand of their fellows came to the Chi Chi, they could not preach to them, or they would leave. They would crave entertainment, which the Van Nuys young people were willing to give them plus much more. The church's minister of music, John Gustafson, selected sixteen singers and twelve instrumentalists to begin rehearsing songs old and new from popular music lists. The group called themselves The Certain Sounds. The "sounds" they produced were not what one would hear in church, but they were suitable for a former night club.

Fifty members of the church group and The Certain Sounds spent



The Certain Sounds, singing group from the First Baptist Church of Van Nuys, Calif., made a month-long tour of the Far East singing and witnessing their Christian faith to Oriental audiences.

Easter week in Palm Springs with the milling crowds of pleasure-seeking teen-agers. The Certain Sounds presented their programs to hundreds of persons who filled the Chi Chi Club each time the doors opened. Personable members of the group gave a brief testimony or two. At the end of each performance they served punch and cookies to the audience and engaged them in casual conversation, bringing Christ into it. All over the room Christians shared the claims of their Master on an individual basis. By the end of the week 200 young people had confessed their Christian commitment.

On Independence Day weekend and on Labor Day weekend, they invaded Santa Catalina Island, the beaches, youth center, and eventually the Casino Ballroom.

ENCOURAGING results from all these places caused the group to seek further extension of its Christian outreach. Hence they conceived of the idea of making an Oriental tour. The goal of their trip was to supplement the work of American missionaries and other religious organizations and to visit American servicemen. They also wished to let people of every country they visited see another side of

American youth not so evident through the mass news media. Leaving Los Angeles International Airport for Japan on June 17, they returned on July 17.

By means of the universal language of music they succeeded wherever they appeared: in Japan, Okinawa, Taiwan, Hong Kong, the Philippines, and Hawaii. They sang at the Army Hospital in Yokohama, gave a concert in Okinawa, and in Hong Kong performed in a roof-top school, at a servicemen's center, at City Hall, a Lion's Club Convention, and on a television program.

In Taiwan they sang at Army officers' clubs and at the leper colony. The Philippines gave them the opportunity to sing at several large universities, at various plazas, and on two nation-wide television programs. Hawaii furnished them audiences at the Hickam Air Force Base, at Fort De Russy Military Reservation, and on television.

Liz Bahannon, who went on the trip, says: "The tour was well planned and organized. I was amazed at how well the group could handle the operations of the trip and pleased to see the goals accomplished. The Certain Sounds went with the goal of presenting Christ to as many persons as possible. The Orient is very much open to the gospel in schools and universities, in officers' clubs and night clubs, and on radio and television. I believe that our trip was beneficial to the Orientals, too, in that it gave them an insight into American youth and their attitudes. They got to see the

American way of dress, our kinds of popular music, etc. We presented to them warmth, friendship, love, concern for them as individuals, and gained their confidence."

Bob Walters, a student at Valley Forge College, says: "The whole project was so vast that I really couldn't understand it, even while it was happening. It was almost as if I couldn't believe that it was happening, even when it actually was. To see missionaries dedicated to preaching the gospel and to witness the quality of their lives made me realize that whatever area God puts me in is where I would be happiest. I believe that our trip gave the Orientals new insight into American youth and Christianity."

The Certain Sounds sang such songs as *They Call The Wind Moraya*; *Born Free*; *Up, Up, and Away*; *America*; *Windy*, and many others. Besides their tour they offered free nonsectarian Bible courses through correspondence with addresses in the Orient. Key young persons presented their testimonies in attractive fashion. Interspersed with music, The Certain Sounds' testimonies became meaningful to the audiences. At the conclusion of the program the young people went among the crowd, presented their testimonies as individuals, and talked to others about their personal Christian relationship.

WITH music as common denominator the language barriers were minimal. Taiwan proved to be the greatest problem at this point, but the group seemed to communi-

cate despite the language problems. In most countries people understand and speak English, so the language problems were not too great. Every age group and class of people heard the music. There were concerts for children, servicemen, nationals, and poor and wealthy Americans. All lacked knowledge of the Christian gospel, and many persons responded when given an opportunity to make their Christian profession.

The group was well received by students, adults, ministers, laymen, public officials, and servicemen. Everywhere they went, the young people lifted up Christ, and they were good will American ambassadors as well. Acclaim followed the young people wherever they performed. "Right from the opening notes of their theme song—Certain Sound Opener—they created an infectious gaiety which was shared by the near-capacity audience and which kept them spellbound," said the S.C.M. *Post* of Hong Kong.

The chairman of the board of the Taipei Officers' Club in Taiwan told Gustafson, "This is the best performance we have ever had in this club." Singing for military clubs is not like singing in church. The night-club atmosphere was an unprecedented opportunity for new witnessing. The American personnel expected to be entertained—not preached to. The Certain Sounds entertained them in such a way that the frank, forceful presentation of the love of Christ in the middle of each program was also accepted. Parents asked where they would be performing again; they

wanted to take their teen-agers to hear them. One family in Taiwan said that they would make the one and a-half-hour trip necessary to the Shinchiku Auditorium to hear them again.

The program director of Manila's Far East Broadcasting Company expected some of the older, more conservative missionaries to object to the type of music The Certain Sounds sang on their station. But after the hour-long concert the oldest, most-conservative woman missionary present came up to the group and shook the hand of one of the singers. "Yours is the greatest gospel music I've ever heard," she exclaimed.

Scratching his head, the program director mused: "I can't understand it. I never thought that they would go over like that with the old folks. Perhaps their radiant faces and sharp testimonies touched people's hearts."

Without a minister, staff, and laymen who prayerfully and financially supported this effort, it could not have been undertaken. Members of the group raised \$22,000 personally for their own support. With 7,500 members the First Baptist Church of Van Nuys—in the San Fernando Valley district of Los Angeles—is the largest Baptist church west of Dallas.

Enthusiasm for the trip was caught in the words of Jimbo Sheridan, a student-coach, who says: "I felt the trip was tremendous. I really saw and felt the power of a truly loving God. It made me very

(Continued on page 57)



TOP: Official party from Washington (seated, L to R—Statkus, Moore, Campbell, Ferguson, Terry, Meade, Garman, Fitzgerald), visits with chaplains and chaplain specialists at Scott AFB, Ill. **CENTER:** MG William V. McBride presents on behalf of Gen Catton, CDR, MAC, a model of the C-5A to Chaplain Roy Terry. **BOTTOM:** Ch Warren Ferguson, MAC Chaplain, serves coffee to Ch Terry.

Go North

USUALLY visiting teams from headquarters make their calls when the weather is pleasant. They go to California in the Winter and Minnesota in the Summer.

But the Air Force Chaplains' team back in February (16-20) reversed this procedure. "We'll go North," said leader Chaplain, BG, Roy M. Terry, "in the dead of Winter."

The plan was a hit. Chaplains and military personnel at Scott (MAC), Duluth, K.I. Sawyer, and Wurtsmith, happily welcomed the team (military—Terry, Campbell, Moore, Meade; civilian—Garman, Statkus, Fitzgerald) as if to say: "The weather is 6 below; but if we can stand it all Winter, you can stand it one day." →





LUNCH AT GENERAL ISAACSON'S. Seated, L to R: General Clayton M. Isaacson; Mrs. Isaacson; Ch, BG, Roy M. Terry. Standing, L to R: Meade, Statkus, Campbell, Fitzgerald, Moore, Thompson, Garman, Adkison, Trent, Lindemann.

I'm sure, too, that it could not be said of this group what Chaplain Rathjen quoted of another group: "Never have as many come to help as few with the promise of so much yet resulting in so little!"

The purpose of this visit was to inspect the religious program on the bases. I always come back from each of these trips with immense pride in the tremendous work of the chaplains. I am grateful, too, for the dedication of all military personnel to the defense of this free nation!

Chaplain Terry had a good message and his hearers got a lift from it. E.g. he quoted: "Have such a vital faith that when you cut it, it bleeds." He said: "Do your own thing. We don't seek a program handed down from above, cut out like a cookie!" →

DULUTH

Chaplain Terry addresses chapel workers at banquet. Medal of Honor recipient LTC Bernard Fisher is in foreground.





HEAD TABLE AT BANQUET, LONDON HOUSE, DULUTH, MINN.
L to R: Ch, LTC, Henry Meade; Ch, COL, Thomas Campbell; Larry Fitzgerald, Editor, THE LINK; COL Waldo Peck, Base CDR, Duluth AFB; Mrs. Guy Hurst; Ch, BG, Roy M. Terry; COL Guy Hurst, 343 Gp Cdr, Duluth AFB; Mrs. Waldo Peck; Msgr. Francis J. Statkus; Ch, COL, B. C. Trent; Dr. W. O. Garman.

Just a few highlights to me: Eating wild rice with General and Mrs. Clayton M. Isaacson in their home; chaplains' briefings with their emphasis on helping people; enjoying a first-rate musical program by MAJ. and Sharon Short at the K.I.Sawyer banquet; finding out unhappily that some of the Christmas welfare baskets go to our own GIs, that is, we don't pay them enough to live on what they make—these defenders of our country; standing in one of our seven SAGE buildings (each cost around 70 million), a part of NORAD, and knowing how well-protected we are; discovering that 150 airmen at Duluth are enrolled in local colleges taking undergraduate, graduate, and vocational courses. And more!

LARRY FITZGERALD, Editor, THE LINK.



Beautiful Chapel #2 at K. I. Sawyer AFB amid the snow.

COL John R. Hinton, CDR, 410 Bomber Wing, welcomes Ch, BG, Roy M. Terry to K. I. Sawyer AFB, Mich.





Ch, LTC, David E. Rathjen, Base Chaplain, K. I. Sawyer leads a briefing session. Seated (around circle): Plush, Predoehl, Browne, Smith, Hudson, Terry, Fitzgerald, Campbell, Moore, Meade; Assts. Davis, Graves, Tuttle.

K. I. SAWYER

Whew! It's cold. But who minds it?
6 below and everybody says its warm.
Visiting chaplains and civilians pose
for picture with the K. I. Sawyer
chaplains.



LAST STOP: WURTSMITH AFB.
Seated (L-R): Meade, Statkus, Campbell, Terry, Fitzgerald, Moore.
Standing (L-R): Riza, Hurd, Andreason, Reinke, O'Brien, Bickner, Tomasiewica, Mineau, Welch, McGrory.



Our Lord's Sermon

By Kyle M. Yates

IF YOU would know what kind of Christian character Jesus wants to find in his followers it will be wise to study his immortal words in the Sermon on the Mount. In them you will find a pen portrait of the Christ himself and a clear picture of the ideal Christian as he walks before the King.

In Psalm 1 Jesus found his text, the outline that had been kept for a thousand years to set forth the portrait of the kingdom man, his character, his influence, his conduct, his destiny.

When the King came into the mountain to preach his inaugural sermon he proclaimed the essence of the character of the kingdom man. The disciples who made up the core of his audience were challenged to reveal the characteristics that were clearly seen in their master. Step by step they watched the picture of the disciple who sought entrance into the kingdom. They were intrigued by the claim made by the divine preacher who sought to call out the best in seeking disciples.

Following a night of praying in the mountain Jesus made his way to the place where he could deliver his message to the ones who could become kingdom men. Very probably the twelve who had been chosen to be set apart as apostles were seated nearest the speaker. In addition to these two groups a larger group called "the multitude" had moved in close to hear this great deliverance. It was early in the morning. The Son of God who *had become man* poured forth the mighty challenge. He

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began with the Beatitudes (the Be-attitudes" and the "Do-attitudes"). The teacher presented clearly and powerfully the essential material and instantly became the preacher. Perhaps no better example is given in all of the ideal Christian individual. His presentation is pertinent, practical, purposeful, pungent, relevant, and powerful.

As you take up each picture which the Master presents, you will do well to let the striking words appear to you and live in your mind. You will realize that the man who seeks to become the ideal kingdom man must first see that he needs to have a complete transformation and welcome a miracle in his own heart.

Blessed Are the Poor in Spirit

Jesus singles out the most apparent thing about the one who wants to be a kingdom man. He is at the door of the kingdom begging for entrance. Strangely enough he realizes that he has nothing at all, no earthly resource. Spiritual destitution is clearly visible. He has nothing that can be used to pay the entrance fee. He is utterly helpless at the gate. God alone can come to his rescue and provide the required fee for his acceptance. Alone he cannot provide the perfect righteousness. Peter said: "Be clothed with humility" (1 Peter 5:5 KJV). He is assured that he will see the door swing wide open for him.

Blessed Are They That Mourn

This word pictures strong grief. It is the grief caused by pain or bereavement or heartache. The mourner has deep sorrow for his misspent years, the ugly sins that mark his days, the sins of the world about him, and the realization that he has no adequate gift to bring to his Lord. It is a matter of genuine concern to him. He is embarrassed. He is distressed because of what his own sin has done to his Lord. He suffers as his past sins and the sins of others appear. Godly sorrow is one of the requisites for acceptance into the kingdom.

Blessed Are The Meek

The mourner has been given a strange inner power that helps make him over into a new creature. Now he possesses graces that are unbelievably rich and attractive. Jesus lifted this word *praus* to a nobility not attained before. Jesus poured into this word a blend of spiritual

poise and strength and patience and humility and resignation that stamps it as a choice designation for the new creature in Christ. The portrait painter has unfolded the facets of beauty and attractiveness and strength of character that call forth admiration and rejoicing. It becomes clear that an unusually strong person has appeared. His can be called a God-controlled life. Meekness is the product of the willingness to obey implicitly and to submit to discipline (even suffering and pain). Jesus called himself "meek and lowly in heart" (Matthew 11:29 KJV). He was meek in spirit, strong in will, gentle in word, poised in decisions and generous in judgment. The true humility came only after the individual had been made new through the special miracle designed to make the man of God a new creature in Christ.

Blessed Are They Which Do Hunger and Thirst After Righteousness

The kingdom man is pictured as being hungry and thirsty. That hunger and that thirst is described as being especially in the area of righteousness. Can you imagine such a hunger and such a thirst for that precious commodity? He longs for total righteousness as a starving man longs for food and for water to drink. It is a thrilling moment. He declares that the kingdom man is crying out for righteousness. Our Lord rejoices to know that he can discover strong evidences of that hunger. The disciple learns that he will be "satisfied" with heaven-sent treasures.

Blessed Are the Merciful

Mercy is a divine prerogative. It is Christ's right to allow his kingdom men to show mercy. You will notice that this divinely-given privilege is granted only to the kingdom man who has been feeding on that rare food that has to do with righteousness. He can be trusted with mercy. It is delegated by the hand of God himself. It is God's sacred commodity that he dares pass on to his special ones who are chosen to spend their days extending mercy to others.

Blessed Are the Pure in Heart

In Psalm 51 the psalmist prays "create within me a clean heart." Isaiah had written: "Be ye clean ye who bear the vessels of the Lord." In Proverbs the author says: "Keep thy heart with all diligence for out of it are the issues of life." Sir Galahad said: "My strength is as the strength of ten because my heart is pure." Paul wrote to the young

Timothy, "Keep thyself pure." Thus it follows that a pure heart begets a pure life. There is a priceless power in purity. In Hebrews 12:14 it is taught that it is impossible to see God without holiness. In his matchless sermon our Lord makes it clear that those who are pure in heart can be sure that they can enter the sacred presence of the holy God. "He shall see God." What a mighty assurance in that line! Our Lord declares that the one who is completely loyal to the King can be sure that he will be welcomed into the throne room where he can most surely "see God."

Blessed Are the Peacemakers

The kingdom man has become powerfully interested in bringing people into a peaceful relationship with God. He is not stressing the idea of peaceable men but men who can actively put down strife and establish peace in the heart. It is a positive force. It is their main job. They work alongside the Prince of Peace. It is Christ's highest and best work. It is the highest work that God can perform. It involves the establishment of right relationships. The kingdom man makes peace in his own heart and his own soul. The inner warfare is over. The victory is complete. He then becomes a maker of peace among men. He is dealing not with hurtful things that are eliminated but the inclusion of the good in life. He works to bring in the good. Our Lord was a peacemaker in the truest sense. He was the bridge-builder who made peace between God and men. He is interested in leading the kingdom man to spend his life bringing men and women to the Father that abiding peace might be made. They are to be called "sons of God."

Blessed Are They Which Are Persecuted

Quite often the most ardent and aggressive peacemaker stirs up a bit of resentment, opposition, and criticism. The great teacher knew that the man would find suffering and rough treatment. This might be the final proof that he was a citizen of the kingdom. If he was suffering for the sake of goodness and righteousness the Holy Spirit stands ready to calm and bless and challenge the one who had been persecuted and reviled. It was clear that the Father in heaven had rich blessings for him. A joyful spirit amazes all those who hear his words and find guidance through those words. As Christians in the Roman empire they could expect bitter sufferings and persecution yet, in spite of this, the Holy Spirit would give them victorious living as their wonderful portion.

The Influence of Kingdom Men (5:13-16)

It has been our privilege to see the full portrait of the kingdom man. His character has been spread out before us. The divine teacher wants to tell of the man's influence. He must make an impact on his world. Jesus dared claim these peasants of Galilee and Judea as the hope of the world. How amazing! They must save the world from moral decay and moral darkness. Obligations and responsibilities mingle with privileges. It will be a needy world where the disciples can become active and prove their worth in the troublous days ahead. They are not to live in isolation. It is the will of the Father that they be a saving force in a very bad, contaminated world. Listen also to the Apostle Paul who wrote to his friends in Philippi saying: "that ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world; holding forth the word of life."

Ye Are the Salt

Jesus boldly challenges them with the statement "Ye are the salt of the earth." You will note that he did not say, "Ye will be the salt." He made it strong and clear and challenging. The kingdom man is set down near those whose lives are corrupt. The new man is now capable of bringing health and soundness. Where corruption and decay and rottenness held sway they are destined to save people from insipidity and putrefaction. Salt is aseptic. It prevents the spread of corruption. The presence of the kingdom man will powerfully affect the very atmosphere about him. Christian character is a positive force in the world. Such a man will become the cleansing antiseptic. Salt also lends flavor to food. There is a sheer sparkle about the radiant Christian. He is the diffuser of joy. Christians are a preservative. They prevent society from becoming completely rotten. If salt becomes tasteless and loses its effectiveness it becomes utterly useless. It is worthless. How tragic the Christian who has become "good for nothing"! Can this be Christ's appraisal of you?

Ye Are The Light

This picture is even more daring. It was the great compliment. When the Christian turns his face upon the Christ the radiance from his face will be reflected into every corner of the darkened world. Jesus

(Continued on page 44)

Bugle Calls in War and Peace

By Julia H. Duncan

THE bugle, one of the oldest of musical instruments, dates back to biblical times. The fore-runners of today's bugle were first being used for military purposes by the armies of Gideon and Saul.

Though military calls were used in some form or other as far back as the time of Julius Caesar, the first authenticated instance of a battle command being given by a trumpet call was in 1214 at Bouvines, France, when trumpets sounded the signal of victory of Philip Augustus of France over Otto IV of Germany.

The oldest trumpet calls preserved in notation are to be found in a composition published in Antwerp in 1545—"La Bataille"—describing the battle of Marignano in 1515.

Bugle calls used in the military service of the United States are the result of the contact of the Continental Army with the soldiers and armies from Europe during the Rev-

olutionary period and, as a result, the English and French influence predominates.

During the post-Revolutionary period many of the French and English trumpet (bugle) calls and drum signals were transferred and absorbed into the United States Army.

Prior to the Civil War both Cavalry and Artillery units used bugles but the Infantry continued the system of using drums for formation calls.

During the Civil War these drum calls were changed to bugle calls, each arm and branch of the Army having its own set of "sound signals." This system had many shortcomings and was the cause of much confusion.

One ingenious Union general, Daniel Butterfield, noting that the bugle calls from one unit often confused the men of another unit when troops of different brigades were in camp close together solved

...with so little it says so much...

his problem by composing a special call to precede any calls, indicating that the signals were orders for his particular brigade.

"The men rather liked their call," he later commented. In fact, they began to sing his name to it.

The unique musical signature of General Butterfield preceding bugle calls for his particular brigade also proved of great assistance on the march and in battle. According to his own account:

"It enabled me to cause my whole command, at times, in march, covering over a mile on the road to all halt, instantly, and lie down, and to all arise and start at the same moment; to forward in line of battle, simultaneously, in action and charge, etc. It saved fatigue."

THE United States of America is indebted to General Daniel Butterfield for his composition of one of today's most ceremonious and unforgettable of all military

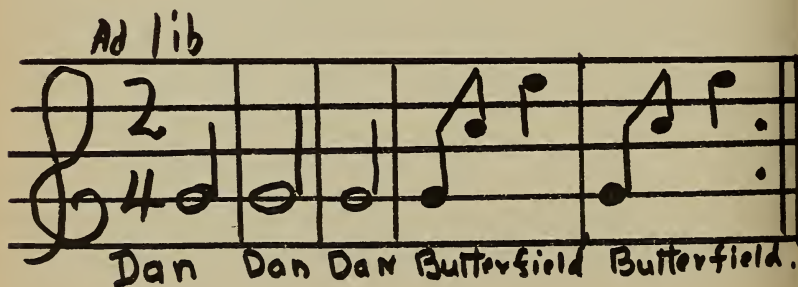
bugle calls, namely, the American version of Taps.

Entirely different from the brisk bugle calls that awaken men or send them into battle, the poignant notes of Taps may be heard at the end of the soldier's day and, in solemn farewell, at burial rites in American cemeteries around the world.

The American version of Taps was composed by General Butterfield in July, 1862, while the Army of the Potomac was lying in camp at Berkeley Plantation, Harrison's Landing, Virginia, for use in his own brigade. Soon thereafter it replaced "Tattoo" (the French call "Lights Out") as the last call of the day.

The earliest official reference to the mandatory use of Taps at military funeral ceremonies appears in the U. S. Army Drill Regulation of 1891, though its unofficial use as a finale to the firing salute has been customary since its inception in 1862.

On July 4, 1969, the American le-



gion dedicated a permanent memorial at Berkeley Plantation, Harrison's Landing, Virginia, to commemorate the site where Taps was composed and first sounded.

The monument not only serves as a tribute to Taps but as a memorial to American war dead of all wars. It was presented to the State of Virginia as a gift from the American Legion in observance of the 50th anniversary of the founding of this patriotic organization.

Approximately 1,000 persons attended the dedication. A former Governor of Virginia, Mills E. Godwin, led a long list of distinguished guests, including American Legion National Commander William C. Doyle of New Jersey.

Commander Doyle, in addressing the audience, called Taps the most meaningful of all military bugle calls. "It might be called music's Gettysburg Address," he remarked, adding "for with so little it says so much."

The impressive program honoring a bugle call on July 4, 1969, ended with the firing of a rifle volley and the stirring sound of Taps, the military's final salute to those who have served their country honorably. ■ ■

STAND

A most articulate minority
 Are always "airing their views";
 The inarticulate majority
 Too seldom "make the news."
 Why not stand up, stand out, stand fast?
 —Florence Marshall Stellwagen

Daily Bible Readings

July

DAY	BOOK	CHAPTER
1	John	15:9-17
2	Matthew	25:31-46
3	Ephesians	5:21 to 6:9
4	James	2:1-17

Life with the Master Teacher

5 Sunday	Matthew	5:1-12
6	Matthew	6:1-8
7	Luke	6:37-42
8	Matthew	13:1-9, 18-23
9	Matthew	13:31-35, 44-52
10	Luke	12:13-21
11	Mark	12:28-34

Life Through Repentance

12 Sunday	Nehemiah	9:5-20
13	Isaiah	1:10-20
14	Isaiah	55:1-13
15	Jeremiah	3:12-22
16	Hosea	14:1-9
17	Luke	3:1-18
18	Luke	23:33-43

Life Through Faith

19 Sunday	Numbers	21:4-9
20	John	3:14-21
21	Matthew	9:18-31
22	Mark	9:14-29
23	Hebrews	11:1-10
24	Hebrews	11:17-26
25	James	2:14-26

A Life of Obedience

26 Sunday	Genesis	12:1-8
27	Numbers	20:2-13
28	Deuteronomy	4:5-14
29	Joshua	1:1-9
30	Joshua	24:1-15
31	Isaiah	50:4-10

And Then

There Were Three

By Pat Wayne

Mike's anger flared. All right, so he was jealous . . .

MIKE looked at the squalling baby. What did he know about kids? Susan had assured him that Timmy would sleep while she went to the store. He felt young and helpless, and he didn't like being a father.

He went to the window and looked up the street for a sign of their car, but the street remained deserted except for a row of post houses, some elms, and a couple of kids playing in their yard. Mike watched one small boy trudge up his drive with a big red wagon. Maybe, a man could feel some kinship to a boy that size. He never realized that babies came in such small sizes. He had no brothers and sis-

ters. His father died when he was a small child and his mother had remarried only recently. His son cried again, loudly.

Mike's long legs took him quickly back to the bedroom, and he stared at his son in his crib. The baby's face was wrinkled and his eyes were shut tight as if to give him more strength to yell.

How could all that power come from one two-week-old baby, he wondered? Should he pick him up and hold him? He looked at his big hands and they were shaking. He would rather go face the enemy! Where *was* Susan?

He was debating what to do when he heard the familiar whine of



their car motor. They had hoped to get another car before they found out the baby was coming.

"He is crying," he said crossly. Susan smiled at him. She was small and dark-haired. She went right to the baby.

"Darling," she said. "Did you miss Mommy?" She picked up the baby, and he quit crying. She said, "It's feeding time."

Mike felt his anger flare. He used to be the one called *darling* by Susan. He said, crossly, "Don't ever leave him alone with me again." He went into the living room.

She followed from the bedroom, holding the baby. She said, "I was gone only about twenty minutes. It is good for me to get out of the house. I only went to the Commissary."

He said, "You wanted the baby." He was sorry, instantly, seeing the hurt in her blue eyes. He said, "I didn't know how small he would be, or how much work. We used to have fun. Now he takes all your time." He knew he sounded selfish, and it made him more angry.

She said, smiling, "Mike, I do believe you are jealous. We will have good times — the three of us." She laughed. "Shall I take him back?"

"That might be a good idea."

Her face lost its laughter and he saw the sudden tears. She went back into their bedroom, slamming the door. This was what the baby had done to their relationship!

He went back to the window, his young face bleak. This was almost the last of his leave. Some leave! He thought about the corny jokes

he would have to face about his being a father!

HE SAW his mother's blue convertible come up the street. He had forgotten that she and Sam were due for a two-day visit. She got out of the car, tall and lovely. He and his mother had lived together in a big house. She married Sam a few months after he was drafted into the service. He married Susan, whom he had known since they were little, shortly afterwards.

His mother came up to the door, and Sam went around the car to open the trunk. He opened the door for his mother. "Hi, Mom," he said, trying to smile. Life was so complicated! Was it only two years ago that he finished high school?

"Mike," she said, joyously. She tossed her short fur jacket on the chair. "I'm so anxious to see my grandson. Here are some gifts for him." She dumped brightly-wrapped gifts on the chair. She added, "Sam wants to know if he can buy you a box of cigars?"

He said coldly, "That is a stupid custom." His mother used to always bring him gifts.

She looked up at him, and she frowned. "Is it because Sam offered? I know you resent him, dear. I was hoping when you got married you would understand about our love. Sam is a good man, and I waited a long, long time to marry again."

He didn't know what to say. They had never talked like this before. He saw that Sam was still getting luggage out of the trunk, and he shut the front door.

Susan came out of the bedroom. She smiled at his mother, and said happily, "It is good to see you, Monica." She held out her arms, "Here Timmy is, Monica."

"Oh," said his mother. "Isn't he beautiful!"

Susan beamed.

Mike shook his head. The baby was wrinkled and red. How could his mother and his wife think the baby was beautiful? He asked, "When will dinner be ready?"

Susan said, "I have the spaghetti made and a pie baked. Monica, will you show me how you make your Swedish meatballs? I'll put Timmy down. He has been fed. Where's Sam?"

Mike said stiffly, "I'll go help him get the luggage. I hope you two don't mind sleeping on the sofa-bed? We only have one bedroom."

"It will be fine," said his mother.

HE WENT out the front door and met Sam carrying the luggage. He said, "Hi, Sam. I'll get the other things." He picked up some packages beside the car.

Inside, he took Sam's suede jacket. Sam smiled warmly at him. He was a big man with square features and black hair.

Mike asked, "Want to see the baby?" He could hear the women in the kitchen talking to each other.

Sam nodded. They went to the crib. Mike watched the big man reach down and gently touch the baby. Sam sighed. He said, "You are very lucky, Mike. I always wanted a child—but God said *no*."

"Huh?" said Mike, surprised.



They never talked like this before.

Sam said, "Didn't your mother tell you that I was married before, and we didn't have any children? Janie wanted to adopt some kids but me and my pride—I said *no*. I've been sorry ever since."

Mike didn't know what to say. He finally said, "Mom told me that your wife died of cancer, and that you spent a long time taking care of her." He added, thoughtfully, "It must have been rugged." They never talked this way before. Mike looked down at his son.

Sam's big hands gripped the crib sides. He said, "I thought maybe when I married your mother — you might be my son. I guess maybe you are too old to adjust to a stranger,

or accept his love. . . . maybe, it is the resentment because I married your mother?"

Mike swallowed hard. He never really thought much about Sam as a *person*. Suddenly, he was sorry. He remembered all the times in the past year that Sam had asked him to go fishing, offered to help him.

Sam was still looking at the sleeping infant. "It isn't merely a physical act that makes one a father. It is the years of love and work. I only wish I had realized that when I was young. Pride can eat you up inside." He looked at Mike. "It wasn't my wife's fault that we couldn't have children."

Mike looked at the big man. Suddenly it seemed as if he transcend-

ed time and stood for an instant looking at himself. Jealousy was eating him up, wasn't it? Did he expect more from others than he gave? What did a man give to his wife? What about his son? What did God expect from a man? His mother once told him that he listened at church—but he didn't put what he *heard* into *action*. Was this true? He reached out and touched his son's tiny fist and the fist closed on his finger. What a grip! He took a breath. This child was depending on *him*.

He could hear the laughter of the two women he loved, in the kitchen. He tried to think of something to say to Sam to explain how he felt, but the right words eluded him.

His wife and his mother came to the bedroom door. His wife said,

softly, "I baked you an apple pie for dinner." It was her way of saying she loved him. He knew suddenly that it was a real gift from a tired young mother.

He said, "Sounds good, honey." He looked at the three adults and at the child, and a wave of happiness seemed to engulf him. He needed to share the feeling. He said, "Sam, let's you and I go fishing tomorrow morning. Then, we can come back and sit with Timmy and give Susan and Mom a chance to go shopping."

He looked at the smiles, and he knew it wasn't enough, yet. He took a breath, and added. "Sam, after dinner, let's you and I go get that box of cigars. Grandpas and fathers got a right to be proud."



OUR LORD'S SERMON

(Continued from page 36)

said: "I am the light of the world." Jesus demanded that we must be like him. Of course, he does not demand that we produce our own light. He furnishes the light. A light is meant to be seen. It was put on the table so that it could be seen. A light is a guide. Along a river lights are placed to guide the traveler into the harbor. The lights are set to mark the channel. The world needs guiding lights in a darkened world. A light can be a warning light. It tells us to halt in the face of danger. Light exposes the darkness. It reveals things that are hidden in the darkness. It shows the way out. Light is seen. It warns. It guides. The Master urges the kingdom man to let his light so shine before men that they may see his good deeds and glorify the Father. These good deeds are to draw attention—not to man—but to God.

Do you complain that your lot is set down in the midst of darkness, squalor, and sin! Why not? You are the light—exactly what that spot needs. Your light is to shine in the home circle and also from "the hill" that it may reach further because *you are the light of the world*. ■ ■

Integrity and Loyalty

By Wayne E. Oates

THE responsible adult today does not have much choice as to whether he works in an organization or not. Even the farmer who works a one-man farm must come to grips with government crop subsidies and the Department of Agriculture representatives. The individual must work out a way of existing as an individual within an organization. Probably the most demanding organization one can conceive is the military, where unit morale, concerted action, and organizational effectiveness become a matter of life and death, particularly on the battlefield. This is true also of a hospital and the medical team, which is also a part of the military as well. The challenge to character in our era is how to develop a loyal, effective organization of men and women and at the same time develop individuality and integrity in the persons

who make up the organization. On the other hand, the challenge to Christian character in our era is how to maintain one's integrity as an individual, to "live with one's self," to be a person in one's own right and at the same time demonstrate personal loyalty to the unit of which one is a working member. This dilemma is the concern of this article.

Integrity: a Pre-condition of Loyalty

My first point is that unless the different members of a working team have individual integrity, they do not bring to the teamwork the first necessity for being an effective member of an organization. This is particularly true of the leadership of an organization. The level of morale of the team cannot rise above the level of the integrity of the leadership. If a leader professes one

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thing and practices another, if a leader is "in it" for what he can "get out of it" in the way of promotion, personal power, and financial gain, he is failing in integrity. When he does not see to it that the men under his command are properly led and cared for he is being untrustworthy.

Integrity, by definition, means moral soundness, honesty, freedom from corrupting influence or practice, especially in regard to strictness in the fulfillment of contracts, the discharge of trust, and the like. The most effective way that a unit can resolve the matter of conflict between integrity at the personal level and loyalty at the organizational level is to have considerable integrity at the leadership level. Men and women who are led are able to develop and maintain personal integrity when they have leaders like whom they can safely become. Thus integrity becomes contagious.

Yet, the person who is led cannot expect to find flawless leaders from whom he can draw integrity "by-proxy." The real test of a person's integrity comes when he is forced to work with someone whose honesty, fidelity to contracts, and personal conduct in office is questionable to all who know him or her. The basis of loyalty is tested at its foundations. How can you really be loyal to an officer who is unworthy of personal respect? The person's *office* itself requires respect regardless of the level of character of the person who holds the office. Henry the Fourth could not respect

the person of Pope Hildebrand, yet he could make confession for real wrong done to Hildebrand because he respected the office of the papacy. In the military this is symbolized in the regard for one's superior officer. Yet one of the most difficult problems of military justice is that of mutiny, i. e., the rebellion of men against their superiors at the point of real or imagined injustices in command. The dilemma of personal integrity and loyalty to one's commanding officer is often the rationale for behavior known as mutinous.

Leadership and a System of Appeals

Consequently, every effective organization must have built into its working design a system of appeals whereby men and women may seek redress for what they consider to be injustices at the hands of their superiors. Students in a college or university need clearly established channels through which they can be heard without at the same time being interpreted as being disloyal to the faculty. Faculty members have a right to a hearing about grievances without at the same time being interpreted as being disloyal to the administration.

In the military, reasonable ways for even the greenest recruit to be heard about his most untutored gripe cut down the amount of disloyalty and create a demand for honest expression and genuine integrity in the man himself. Without an effective system of appeals, an organization breeds hopelessness,

which in turn undermines morale.

Yet a system of appeals requires integrity of the member of the organization as well in that he must have the courage to speak his mind directly to the people who are in a position to do something about his situation. He must have the ability to put into words what it is that is bugging him and not to spend his time nit-picking at non-essentials. He must have the wisdom to define what his own duties are and the industry to carry out those duties well. He cannot let his larger cause be undermined by charges of negligence of his own duty. This implies a kind of integrity on the part of the lowliest member of any unit. He must have the character, wrought by a sincere walk with God in prayer, to make his appeals for justice stick. For example, the student in a college or the soldier in a unit who is making above average grades is more likely to be heard than the one who is using real injustice as an excuse for "goofing off."

Integrity and Basic Standards of Behavior

What then are some basic standards of behavior which are ingredients of integrity, both in one's own eyes and those of the people with whom he works?

First, he does not "shoot his mouth off," but measures and weighs his words so carefully that the people who know him can rely without reservation upon what he says to be true and wise. You will note that I have said true *and* wise,

for a thing can be true and be unimportant and lacking in wisdom.

Second, he does what he is being paid to do and does it well. The person of integrity does not take money under false pretenses. He runs a full minute for every sixty seconds in his working day. He can be relied upon to do his duty cheerfully, and effectively.

Third, he does not contaminate his judgment with the use of drugs, such as alcohol wherein is excess, or any of the other drugs such as marijuana, LSD, and other perception-distorting drugs. He ordinarily takes any foreign substance except food only under a doctor's prescription.

Fourth, he manages the life of his home with wisdom and care, concern, and kindness. Whether we like it or not, our relationship to those closest to us is an index used by others for measuring our dependability.

Finally, the Scripture puts it best when it suggests that we avoid even the appearance of evil and that inasmuch as it is possible that we live at peace with all men.

These ingredients of integrity inspire loyalty in others and at the same time give us a ground to stand upon as we make appeals to those to whom we are required to be loyal when injustice is being done. ■■

WAITING FIRST SHOT FOR FIRST BABY

While baby waits
With laughing glee,
Parents writhe
In agony.

—Emily Sargent Councilman

The Worth of the Individual

By Lloyd D. Doyle

WHAT is the victory of a soldier killed in the last battle before the armistice? The world quickly loses all its value if life is gone. Whatever we may say about eternity and afterlife we know that death is the cessation of something vital and irreplaceable. The question to be asked before all others, then, is whether one's philosophy takes into account something greater than the physical aspects of survival. Life is too brief, and too precious, to allow for many unwise decisions.

There are two major views of the most desirable life-style for the individual: the atheistic Communist view; and the theistic capitalist view. The one considers man as a means to an end, the other considers him as an end in himself.

One of the cardinal beliefs of the Communists is that man is purely a material being, solely the product of his economic environment. His environment provides him with experiences, these experiences

eventually create conditioned responses, the responses shape his attitudes and philosophy. Man, then, becomes nothing more than the programmed sum of his experiences.

It follows, then, that if a man's environment could be completely controlled, he would emerge with precisely the type of mind desired of him. Communism is simply a program for controlling the environment in order to create the kind of materialistic society the Communists feel is most desirable.

Ideally, children would grow, mature, and live peacefully and productively for all time, with identical thoughts and desires. The horror is that this belief is actually being put into practice among millions of people. In Red China alone, countless millions of children are daily made to sing the praises of Communism. In a few years, when the generation that remembers past freedoms is gone, these children

Freedom to accept responsibility—or, slavery and security?

will become the nation's leaders. They will dutifully seek to enslave millions more, and human dignity will become as anachronistic as the kerosene lamp.

In order for the Communists to gain control of the environment they must first control the economy of the nation. Clearly, no country will ever willingly turn over its resources to the Communists—they simply lack the Communists' "enlightenment." The problem is now the best method for gaining control. Since some nations are more sympathetic than others, no plan will work for all. The methods vary, therefore, although the goal remains the same. If subtle methods are most effective they shall be utilized; if not, harsher methods are quite in order. The means used are immaterial—only their effectiveness matters. How will the Communists gain control of a nation's economy? Any way they can!

No methods are considered ruthless or immoral, because they are convinced of the "rightness" of their cause. Just recently, the American Communist Party openly acknowledged they would have to kill one-third of the American people when they overthrow the government. This third would be those so thoroughly indoctrinated with capitalist beliefs that they could not be converted—the older generation. They would have to be completely destroyed; or else,

like cancer cells that linger after surgery, they would contaminate the rest of the body.

As we consider the worth of the individual, we realize that a changed society is good only for the living. Pleasure and pain are for the living, not the dead. This "regenerated" society would be completely meaningless to those who have been murdered. Surely these methods are abhorrent to all freedom-loving people.

Those who are not murdered will be put into institutions of pure "labor," which Americans would call slave labor camps. These are the young people, those still amenable to doctrinaire Communist re-conditioning.

To the Communists, there simply is no such thing as individual human worth; any man, and all men, should be prepared to sacrifice their lives for the good of the Party. When Lenin set up the rules for the Communist Party, one of his most basic tenets was the insistence upon complete Party discipline: once a decision is made by any ruling group, all the underlings including those who opposed the decision throughout must obey. There is no appeal to a higher authority. Each group in the Communist hierarchy, then is a tyrant toward all lesser groups. The orders come only from above, and there can be no grass-roots movements or individual endeavors.

THERE can be no personal dignity in such an order, for it is only God who gives to man his dignity and his worth. Man, so teaches the Bible, is created in the image of God. Briefly, this means that:

1—Man is a thinking, judging, and choosing being.

2—Man has the capacity and the need to communicate with God.

3—Man is a moral being, with moral responsibility for his choices.

As God is a thinking and judging being, with freedom of choice, so is man. Man, through his reason, can gather thoughts and ideas from sources beyond his immediate, physical surroundings, and so transcend his environment. Each man must determine, by himself, the proper actions to take. He can always say, "No."

The individual under Communism must experience utter hopelessness, as his right to think, and his right to free choice (God-given even should he choose wrongly), are stripped from him. His personality is wrested from him, and he is no longer himself, but a tool of the "State." Communism robs man of his most precious possession—his personality, his self, his image of God! He exists only as a means to an end, and the moment he becomes less than an end he ceases to be that creature who was created by God.

Life must have a goal, a purpose, a destiny, or it becomes boredom and nothingness. Man lives to do the will of his Creator. It is God who gives man his goal in life, his pur-

pose, his objective. There is a divine plan or purpose behind all creation, and God has placed within each man the need to seek that goal for which he was created. Man must communicate with God in order to discover the goal which has been set before him.

The atheist, in spite of his professed disbelief, still has the same urgent need to communicate with God. As he does not seek God's goal for his life, life loses its rhyme and reason for him. It becomes lonely, boring, purposeless, and meaningless. There is nothing toward which he can aim his life, for it takes a great deal more than material things to fulfill a man.

Then, into this lonely life of the atheist, enter the Communists with a program of world conquest, a promise of a goal, a purpose, to make life meaningful. They tell him that the finest, most intelligent, most courageous men have a destiny—to regenerate mankind! This religious longing of the atheist is transformed into the single purpose of losing himself in the struggle to form the destiny of millions. At last he has a purpose transcending self, a refuge from the need to communicate with God.

As a thinking and choosing being, man is morally responsible for his actions. Even if a man makes the wrong choice, God does not take away his choosing power. He does, however, hold man responsible for his choices, and if he does not follow his will he must pay the consequences as a being with free will.

The Communists seek to take that

responsibility from the individual and to confer it upon the State or the Party. To millions of people this seemingly altruistic gesture is welcomed, since it removes their need to make grave decisions. They wish merely to be "free," for thinking involves decisions. Decisions bring tensions, and tensions lead to unhappiness. The growing welfare programs are indications of those who wish to abdicate responsibility. Men desert their families, wives leave their husbands, professional students abound.

Communism seems to offer a mecca to those who seek an escape. "Let us take your responsibility," say the Communists, "We will do your thinking for you—you enjoy life."

Freedom, responsibility and security go together. Some are willing to do almost anything for material security, but security alone is not enough. The person with the greatest security is the man in prison. He is told when to sleep, when to eat, when to bathe—but he has security! He needs neither to think nor to make choices.

He has no responsibility, but he has no freedom either. The responsible man may have little material security, but he is free. He retains his image of God, by choosing and standing responsible for his choices.

America, the choice now lies before us—will it be freedom, with its attending burdens, or irresponsible slavery? We must not give away any more of our freedoms! We must not regard the State as a huge

welfare agency supplying all our needs, but we must rather, as free men, work for our keep, make our choices as men, and be responsible for those choices as beings created in the image of God. As God is free, so must we remain.

The choice is yours. ■ ■

FIDDLE FOOT

(Continued from page 22)

George Madden saw Clint then and came to him. "Saving Liza's dog for her was a fine thing to do, Clint. I'm glad to have a neighbor like that. There'll be no more trouble about the meadow. I'll help keep up the fence."

Henry Foster came over then as George Madden turned away. "I'm glad you could make it, Clint," he said.

Clint hadn't heard that tone of welcome from Henry Foster since he came back to the ranch.

"I'm glad, too," Meg added.

Clint was probably the gladdest of all, but he didn't say so. He didn't need to. They knew, especially Meg. It showed in her eyes. ■ ■

PHOTO CREDITS

Pages 10-14, Ludwig; page 25, Aubrey Haines; pages 28-31, 60, U. S. Air Force; page 55, U. S. Navy; page 60, U. S. Army, U. S. Navy; page 61, Harrell International, U. S. Navy.

Get thy tools ready. God will find the work.—Anonymous

Grass Roots Ecumenicity

By Richard D. Miller

JOHN was always a friend," Richard said, "but I always thought of him as my Catholic friend. He is still a Catholic and I am still a Lutheran but since our participation in the Living Room Dialogue I now think of John as a brother in Christ."

Richard's experience is being duplicated in the lives of thousands of Christians of all denominations as the ecumenical movement has moved to the grass roots of Christianity—the local congregation and the lay Christian.

The military chapel has played a central role as a catalyst toward ecumenicity. For decades now Catholic and Protestant servicemen have shared a common chapel. Both have called their clergyman in uniform "chaplain."

But these were still symbols of hope rather than fulfillment. There

remained between Catholic and Protestants the suspicion that the authentic Christian experience was still found only within their own communions.

Two men named John, one a Pope and one a President, were the central Catholic figures who prepared the way for today's openness. Pope John, through his pastoral style of life and his courage in calling Vatican II pointed the Catholic Church on its exciting and liberating pilgrimage of renewal.

The election of John F. Kennedy dispelled Catholic fears of Protestant intransigence and bigotry. His conduct as President put to rest Protestant suspicions of Vatican power and intrigue.

From the Protestant community a major force toward ecumenical cooperation was Martin Luther King, Jr., the one clear prophetic

Chaplain Miller is now serving on the Air Force Chaplains Board, Maxwell AFB, Ala.

voice in the U. S. that challenged Christians to align their deeds with their creeds.

Grass-roots ecumenicity has become a fact of life in our military chapels. Through study, service, and worship Catholics and Protestants have risked mutual involvement and discovered a shared commitment to the same Christ.

These experiences suggest a threefold approach to future dialogue among Christians. We must meet together to listen to one another. We must meet together to listen to the world. We must join together to serve the world.

Listen to One Another

Dietrich Bonhoeffer, in his book, *Life Together*, has given us an admonition that is essential to all our endeavors.

"... he who can no longer listen to his brother will soon be no longer listening to God either; he will be doing nothing but prattle in the presence of God, too."¹

It is not mere coincidence that "grass-roots" ecumenicity has blossomed at the same time the church has rediscovered the power of the small group.

In the successful small group a spirit of mutual caring develops. Members share more than information. They share one another.

Many ecumenical sharing groups have used the Living Room Dia-

logue materials. Additional materials have been published to aid such groups to continue their growth (or new groups to begin). One exciting new series, "Experiences in Faith," includes four books: *A Sense of Life*, *A Presence of Love*, *A Way of Community*, and *A Vision of Hope* (Herder and Herder).

Catholics and Protestants can also "listen" and learn by each attending the others' worship services. The extent of joint participation in worship will vary at each base. The most propitious time to seek a united worship experience is during the Week of Prayer for Christian Unity, observed annually in January.

Listen To The World

Christians must also listen to the world.

"All media of communication are theological," Malcolm Boyd insists in his book, *Crisis in Communication*. "Christoph Blumhardt, a German pastor, saw the connection back in 1850 between the Bible and the newspaper," he continues. "He brought together men of his church one night each week. One week they would read the Bible together. The next week they would read the newspaper together, interpreting it in the light of God's action in history."²

In the 1970's television is the tool

1. *Life Together* by Dietrich Bonhoeffer. Harpers. 1954. p. 98. Used with permission.

2. *From Crisis in Communication*. Doubleday. 1957.

the church must learn to use as its prime "listening post" on the world. Ecumenical study groups ought to watch and discuss selected television programs as diligently as they study church doctrine. (Study guides on outstanding television "specials" are available from St. Clements Film Association, 423 West 46th Street, New York, New York 10036.)

A second "listening post" on the world is the Arts. Bernard Scott has said, "Might it not very well be that under God the arts, whether they understand it this way or not, are the spiritual alarm clocks for our day, to shake us up and bring us into focus, to check the phony tendencies of the heart."³

When, for instance, novels with significant Christian or moral themes are read and discussed, central faith concerns find expression. A Book Discussion Group can bring together persons from every spectrum of the Christian community. (The Seabury Press publishes a series of reading books and commentaries under the title "Religious Dimensions in Literature.")

Movie discussion groups also can be effective. Discussions can be scheduled after the showing of a significant film in the base theater. Hundreds of excellent films are available in 16 mm for showing in the chapel.

Chapel theater groups, concerts, art exhibits and art festivals can all be used to allow each expres-

sion its distinctive voice.

Join To Serve the World

When we have listened well to one another and to the world, we are motivated toward united service in the world. Some bases have organized ecumenical men's, women's, and youth groups. At other bases, the denominational groups keep their identity but meet jointly on occasion and often cooperate in service projects.

A third pattern of organization is also emerging. Too many laymen have been members of too many chapel organizations that seem dedicated to by-laws, bazaars, teas, and trivia. As a result, new groups or "task" forces are being formed in response to specific needs of the base or community.

The problems of nearby migrant workers, the difficulties of low ranking enlisted families in finding housing, the needs of dependent youth for social and employment opportunities, the requirements for public action to preserve our natural resources — all of these concerns and many others are worthy of "task force" action.

When the disciples of Christ have allowed the self-giving love shown them by their Master to become evident in their own lives and deeds, the world has always been impressed. Likewise, when 20th Century John Catholic and Richard Protestant hear the world say of them, "See how they love one another—and see how they love me," they will know they have become one in Christ. ■ ■

3. Motive. *Used with permission.*



Mrs. Selma Corbisiero and her two children live at Guantanamo Bay. Title of her talk at the Officers Wives Club was: "Do Not Be Ashamed of the Lump in Your Throat." In the distance can be seen the mountains of communist Cuba.

Lump in Your Throat

By Jerry Marshall

GUANTANAMO BAY, Cuba—Despite the rantings of America's malcontents, old-fashioned patriotism is still alive.

It lives, among other places, on the U. S. Naval Base at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. And though her feelings might be held suspect on some university campuses, that

patriotism lives in the heart of Selma Corbisiero.

Mrs. Corbisiero, the wife of a civilian employe on this isolated military installation, talks love for America because she feels it. She knows of what she speaks. It may well be that American patriotism means more to her than it does to

most Americans.

Mrs. Corbisiero was born and raised in Cuba. That's enough, isn't it?

Freedom has not always been something Selma Corbisiero could call her own. Now she makes the very most of it. She is always willing to discuss it. And she spends twenty-four hours a day being thankful for the freedom America has provided her.

As a Cuban by birth and a proud American by choice, Mrs. Corbisiero was a logical choice as the "patriotism month" speaker at the July meeting of the Guantanamo Bay Officers' Wives Club.

The meeting room was decorated in red, white, and blue bunting. The patriotism theme was also carried out with a songfest of American hallmarks such as "America, the Beautiful."

Wives of the base's Public Works Center officers served as hostesses for the July meeting.

With patriotism as the luncheon meeting's theme, the oh-so-apt title of Mrs. Corbisiero's talk: Do Not Be Ashamed of the Lump in Your Throat.

She concluded her speech by saying, "Do not be fooled by anti-American feelings. It is just pure envy.

"Remember a few years ago in Santo Domingo, when American troops were sent out to help that country? And after everything was restored, some leftists wrote signs saying 'Yankee Go Home.' But right under the sign was a big P. S.: 'But Take Me With You.'

"Thank you very much. And God Bless America!"

The effect of Mrs. Corbisiero's talk was amazing in this age of discontent, according to Mrs. William F. Russell, one of the listeners.

"When Mrs. Corbisiero finished speaking and the singing was supposed to start, there just wasn't much singing," Mrs. Russell said. "I think all 116 of us were crying. It was a very emotional thing."

But then it must be remembered that Selma Corbisiero had a right to make her speech an emotional one.

Her in-Cuba life was actually good, even during the Batista regime. Her father was a wealthy Cuban landowner, so she had a life better than most.

Her family's wealth made it possible for her to study in the United States. She majored in English at Columbia University in New York City. There, in 1955, she married Vincent Corbisiero.

She also became an American citizen.

They moved to Cuba in 1957 because back trouble had practically forced Vincent to give up his government work. He took a job on this Naval Base and commuted daily while Selma remained in Cuba.

Then the Castro revolution came. With it came disaster.

Her father's great landholdings were seized at the outset of the revolution, and suddenly Cuba "was no longer that little paradise for me," as she puts it.

Finally the pressure of Communism became too much for the

This American spends 24 hours a day being thankful

Corbisieros. Because Selma was a naturalized American citizen, they simply told the Cuban authorities they were moving to the Naval Base.

They've been here ever since.

Vincent is now the Naval Station's assistant comptroller. After three years of teaching conversational Spanish in the base's adult evening education program, Selma was forced to give up her job.

"It was only after three years that someone discovered I am an American citizen, not a native teacher. I still need six hours for my teaching certificate, so I had to give up teaching in the adult education program," she explained with a wry, proud smile.

"But many women on the base have asked me to teach them Spanish anyway," she pointed out. "So I do. But I would not dare to take one penny for it."

Her civic work, all voluntary, knows no bounds. In fact, she was recently an hour late for an appointment because she felt she just had to take a sick Cuban woman to the base hospital.

"She could speak no English," Mrs. Corbisiero explained. "I thought perhaps I could help her."

"My husband says I am the great counselor of the Cubans on the base. I try to help them because so many of them do not speak adequate English."

Selma now has comfort and peace of mind and two children: Norge, a 12-year-old daughter, and Vincy, a

7-year-old son. But one of the biggest events in Selma's life occurred just recently. Her parents, now American citizens and residents of Miami, were allowed to come to Guantanamo Bay for a visit with the Corbisieros.

"Seeing them was so wonderful!" she exclaimed. "So, so wonderful!"

Mrs. Corbisiero, a proud American, now has no family in Cuba that could be persecuted if she spoke out about the situation "across the fence" from Guantanamo Bay.

"Yes, I am a Cuban by birth," she reflected. "But I am an American citizen. Say what you wish about me, but please do not call me a Cuban exile."

"I am an American."

She smiled when she said that. ■ ■

GROUP WITH A PURPOSE

(Continued from page 27)

thankful as an American for all that I have. Music is truly an international language. It was quite different to hear my own testimony interpreted. It made me more of a humble person, especially in my closeness to Christ. I've received many trophies in athletics, but this was the greatest experience I've had. I also felt a tremendous close relationship with my fellow singers."

The Certain Sounds went so that "to whom he was not spoken of, they shall see: and they that have not heard shall understand." Thus they toured the Orient not for pleasure but for a purpose. ■ ■

Lift Up Your Heart

When at a loss for the right thing to say, try silence.—Anonymous (from *The Torrington Register*).

Always put off until tomorrow—what you shouldn't do at all.—Lucille J. Goodyear.

One way to fight juvenile delinquency would be to get the kids interested in bowling. Get them off the streets and into the alleys.

Do not dream your experiences—experience your dreams. One reality is worth a thousand dreams.—*Sunshine Magazine*.

The great pleasure in life is doing what people say you cannot do.—Walter Bagehot in *Think*.

You are only young once. If you act foolish after that you will have to find some other excuse.—Casey Williams in *PNS*.

Do not abhor your enemies; to love them is the best way to conquer them.—Paramahansa Yogananda.

If a man does not make new acquaintances as he passes through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friends in constant repair.—Samuel Johnson.

Life can never have for us a sense of fulfillment or completeness unless we are giving more than we are getting.—William T. McElroy in *Christian Observer*.

Our Bible is not just a book, or even a library, telling the story of God and man. It is Word to live by; the textbook by which we conquest the problems of life.—R. G. Lacy.

Said Pat in the old story: "Faith, if only Protestants and Catholics were atheists, they could live together like Christians."—David A. MacLennan in *Pulpit Digest*.

Compromise is the art of dividing the cake so that everyone thinks he has got the biggest slice.—*Executive Digest*.

The Sound of Glad Tidings

Pick Up on This, Kid by John Gimenez. Word Records, 4800 Waco Drive, Waco, Tex. 76710.

Here is the personal testimony of a former junkie who tells it like it is to kids in high school. "I was a stinkin, filthy, no-good junkie, twisted out of my mind . . . Bound by dope . . . A chronic liar . . . I've been in all the reformatories and shelters . . . They all know me from 16 years with a big habit . . ."

Gimenez is going around the country now telling kids about the agony of dope and how he found the cure in Christ. The album is not pretty, but it needs to be played to every high-school kid in the country.

Cliff Barrows Now! with Kurt Kaiser singers. Word Records, 4800 Waco Drive, Waco, Tex. 76710.

Ralph Carmichael says: "When Cliff Barrows steps in front of a gang of young people and says 'Now everybody sing together' what happens is simple electric!" Highlights in these 13 "simple electric" records are: "Love Is Surrender"; "Let Us Break Bread Together"; and "Kum Ba Ya."

Songs to Live By by Richard Roberts and the World Action Singers of Oral Roberts University. Orchestra arranged and conducted by Ralph Carmichael. Light Records, 4800 Waco Drive, Waco, Tex. 76710.

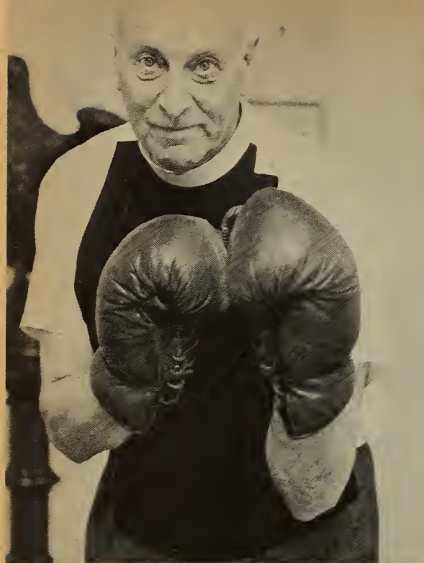
This is the second album by this group. You believe it when they sing: "I Believe God Is Real" and "Brother, Let Me Take Your Hand." You somehow feel the singers are traveling upward. Truly 10 songs to live by.

The Greatest of Miracles as played by Dino. Orchestra and chorus arranged and conducted by Jim Stabile. K & S Productions, Box 69310, Hollywood, Calif.

"The Greatest of Miracles" is the resurrection; it is the last of the ten pieces played on the piano by Dino. The keyboard artistry and rhapsody of this young artist is inspiring worship; it transports the listener into heaven. Other excellent renditions are "Amazing Grace," and "Little David Play on Your Harp."

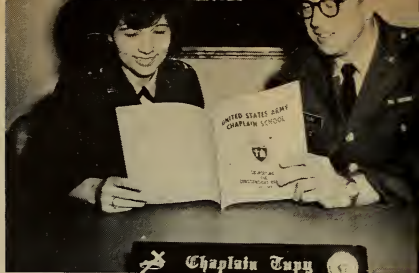
Songs That Touch the Heart—played by Lorin Whitney at the Robert Martin Pipe Organ. Sacred Records, 4800 Waco Drive, Waco, Tex. 76710.

Here are widely contrasting expressions of music with warmth, tenderness, vision and understanding. There is stately majesty; restrained power; gay lilt and crystal tones. Some of the music is old, some new. How beautiful "How Great Thou Art," the first piece; and along with it "What Grace Is This"; "It May Be Today"; "Yes, He Did"; and "When There's Love at Home."



The fighting parson, the Rev. Harold Duncan, vicar of Easton, England, is boxing coach for American dependent boys whose parents are stationed at RAF Woodbridge or RAF Bentwaters. The 67-year-old rector began coaching schoolboys when he was a headmaster, and has been coaching them for over 40 years. To those who claim that boxing is a dying sport, the vicar says, "As for the youngsters, I believe boxing to be the finest sport any young lad can take up."

News in Pictures



1/LT Donna K. Keefer and Chaplain (MAJ) Richard R. Tupy, who both graduated from Capital University, Columbus, Ohio, are presently assigned to the Department of Non-resident Instruction, U. S. Army Chaplain School, Fort Hamilton, N. Y. LT Keefer supervises the Administration Branch; Chaplain Tupy prepares special texts and programmed instructional materials. LT Keefer is married to the Rev. Edward D. Keefer, Jr.

A nondenominational Presidential Prayer Breakfast was held at Subic Bay, Republic of Philippines, to coincide with the one held in Washington, D. C. The military personnel in this area joined the Commander-in-chief in a recognition of moral and religious values inherent in the American way of life. Speaking at the rostrum is one of the special guests, LTC R. Lacuna, National Commander, Defenders of Bataan and Corregidor.



1970

MILITARY WIFE OF THE YEAR

FINALISTS



Mrs. Anne M. Greer
Marine Wife of the Year



Mrs. Laura Waymouth
Navy Wife of the Year



Mrs. Gussie Sanford
Army Wife of the Year



Mrs. Anselma Beckwith
Coast Guard Wife of the Year



Mrs. Bonnie-Jane Luft
Air Force Wife of the Year

The finalists for the 4th annual Military Wife of the Year for 1970 were selected from 1,400,000 military wives—one from each service. One of these women was chosen in Washington, D. C., on May 26 as Military Wife of the Year, and was a guest at the annual convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs in San Antonio in June.

The Naval Hospital, Orlando, Fla., observed the 1970 Presidential Prayer Breakfast in conjunction with the one in Washington. About fifty members of the staff and patients attended the service when HMCM Harvey Carlisle, USN, talked on "Thanks-living." Other staff present were LCDR Miriam J. Calnan, NC, USN; LCDR Christopher B. Young, CHC, USN.



The Link Calendar

- July 1-31.** National HOT DOG Month—An all-American institution.
- July 1-31.** Norfolk Art Festival, Va.
- July 1-3.** Battle of Gettysburg annual commemorative ceremonies. National Military Park, Gettysburg, Pa.
- July 1.** Birthday of the first U. S. Postage Stamp (July 1, 1847). Emphasis on stamp-collecting as a hobby.
- July 2-5.** U. S. Golf Association Women's Open Championship. Muskogee, Okla.
- July 4.** INDEPENDENCE DAY. Observances all over the land. Legal holiday in all states.
- July 4.** Calvin Coolidge's Birthday. 30th President of the U.S. Born this day in 1872.
- July 5.** 7th Sunday after Pentecost.
- July 5-12.** Let's Play Tennis Week.
- July 6.** John Paul Jones' Birthday. JPJ born July 6, 1747. JPJ set a tradition of victory in the Navy.
- July 8-11.** British Open Golf Championship. St. Andrew's Fife, Scotland.
- July 8-11.** U. S. Golf Association Amateur Public Links Championship. Lemont, Ill.
- July 10-12.** Annual Masters Water Ski Tournament. Callaway Gardens, Ga.
- July 11.** John Quincy Adams' Birthday. 6th President of the U. S. A. Born this day in 1767.
- July 12.** 8th Sunday after Pentecost.
- July 12-19.** World Congress of Baptist World Alliance. Tokyo, Japan.
- July 14.** Bastille Day or Fete National. France.
- July 15-Aug.** 1 Royal Tournament Displays of the Armed Forces. London, United Kingdom.
- July 16-19.** California Rodeo. Salinas, Calif.
- July 19.** 9th Sunday after Pentecost.
- July 19-25.** National Farm Safety Week. Sponsored by Natl. Safety Council.
- July 20.** Moon Day. Anniversary of man's first landing on the moon. Landed lunar module "Eagle" at 4:17 P.M., EST, July 20, 1969.
- July 24.** Pioneer Day. Utah.
- July 24-25.** U. S. Golf Association America's Cup Tournament. Colorado Springs, Colo.
- July 25.** Children's Day. A day of appreciation for good children.
- July 26.** 10th Sunday after Pentecost.
- July 27.** Hall of Fame Baseball Game. Cooperstown, N. Y.
- July 29-31.** Wild Pony Round-up. Chincoteague, Va.
- July 31-Aug. 16.** Colorado Shakespeare Festival. Boulder, Colo.

Discussion Helps

THROUGHOUT this issue of THE LINK, you will find four articles prepared not only for individual reading, but also for group discussion and for lay leaders' helps.

1. **The Christian and the Present Age** (page 6)

Biblical Material: John 3:17, 19; Ephesians 2:1-6

Why do some people seem unmoved by the historical aspects of Christ? What are some special problems that this unique age has for a Christian? Where can a person use legitimate compromise and adaptation without being faithless to God? What are some of the ways Christianity can be relevant to your situation?

2. **Our Lord's Sermon** (page 32)

Biblical Material: Matthew 5

What kind of character does Jesus want to find in his followers? What is the meaning of each of the beatitudes? (In what sense are they also *do-attitudes*?) How do Christians become a saving force in society? What is meant by the terms "salt" and "light" as they are applied to Christians?

3. **Integrity and Loyalty** (page 45)

Biblical Material: Romans 12

How can we develop individuality and integrity as persons in the midst of organization (such as the military, government, etc.) Mention five persons you believe possess integrity. Analyze their character. Can one be loyal to an officer who is unworthy of respect? Discuss. Do you have a right to put into words what's "bugging" you? How do this? What are basic standards of behavior? How live by these?

4. **Grassroots Ecumenicity** (page 52)

Biblical Material: John 17

What immediate steps can we take to get Protestants and Catholics "to meet together in this base and to listen to one another"? What immediate steps can we take to insure that we, in concert with other Christians on this base, are listening to the world? What needs in our base, community, or world could be helped by an ecumenical *task force*? What can we do to get it organized?

Books Are Friendly Things

The New English Bible. Oxford University Press, 200 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10016. And Cambridge University Press, 32 E. 57th St., New York, N. Y. 10022. 1970 Standard edition—without Apocrypha 1,536 pp. \$8.95. With the Apocrypha, 1,824 pp., \$9.95.

While no modern translation of the Bible can equal the King James Version in beauty, most of them are more understandable, more up-to-date, more readable. The New English Bible (NEB) bids fair to rank along with the Revised Standard Version in aiding the reader to understand exactly what the original Hebrew and Greek versions meant. There is a directness about the NEB that commends it; e.g. Matthew 1:25 reads:

... he took Mary home to be his wife, but had no
intercourse with her until her son was born

The Finality of Christ by Lesslie Newbigin. John Knox Press, Box 1176, Richmond, Va. 23209. 1969. 120 pp. \$2.50.

The Bishop in Madras, Church of South India, writes convincingly that in Jesus Christ modern man will find the answer to his search for life's meaning.

To claim finality for Jesus Christ is not to assert either that the majority of men will some day be Christians, or to assert that all others will be damned. It is to claim that commitment to him is the way in which men can become truly aligned to the ultimate end for which all things were made. The Church which believes this will not be afraid to address confidently to every generation and every people the call which it has received from him: Follow me. (p. 115).

Ethan Allen: Frontier Rebel by Charles A. Jellison. Syracuse University Press, Box 8, University Sta., Syracuse, N. Y. 13210. 1969. 360 pp. \$9.95.

In his Preface, the author points out that one does not become great by reading about greatness; yet "biography does something for us that is almost as important: It reminds us that greatness, so lacking in ourselves, is not totally foreign to our kind" Here is a significant biography of Ethan Allen—soldier, politician, publicist, land speculator, and aspiring traitor who was truly a host in himself, a man who refused to be dispirited or put down and who left his indelible mark upon his own time and times to follow.

Thinkables by James C. Hefley. Revell, Westwood, N. J. 07675. 1970. 158 pp. \$3.95.

Sub-title: Meditations for People Who Mean It. The author states his purpose

for the 52 meditations which coincide with the calendar year:

Each is designed to raise an issue, provoke thought, offer a Biblical application to a relevant life situation and be a catalyst for ensuing discussion.

Sound Off!

(Continued from page 4)

has short pieces, pictures, cartoons, designed to appeal to the sophisticated who would not respond to a conventional tract. For more information and sample copies, write to Dwight Hooten, Editor—at above address.

Our Covers

In a letter to our photographer, H. Armstrong Roberts, a Navy executive wrote: I'd like to commend you on your choice of models for the covers of THE LINK. I admire that "homey look" you seem to capture in each girl. I have the October '68 and the March '69 girls under the plexiglass on my desk. When some of the guys on the staff come in, they just stare at them. Never, since I've had those pictures there have I heard one "nasty" or "sly" remark about the girls, which is highly unusual for shipboard service personnel. There is just something about the girls that you bring out and makes all of us respect them just as we would our own sweethearts.

....

—R. M. Volpe, Executive Staff, USS *Oriskany* CVA-34, FPO San Francisco, Calif. 96601.

This is a fellow in Vietnam writing you for some information about the cover girl on the January issue of THE LINK. I would like to get her address—she seems to be the girl I have always wanted to meet. . . What attracts me is not her overall looks but her eyes and her smile.

—Sp/4 Craig L. Stanley, 552-72-9972, Co. A. 43rd Signal Bn, APO San Francisco 96318.

(We get more fan mail on our covers than anything else; and we are glad our readers like our cover girls. But one thing we cannot do is supply names and addresses. The photographers make a contract with their models not to reveal names or addresses.—We're sorry! EDITOR.)

DOING HIS THING. After a lengthy lecture from his father about his habits, the teen-aged son replied: "But, Dad, I've got to be a non-conformist—how else can I be like the other kids?"—Lucille Goodyear.

SO IT SEEMS. Any man who gives in when he is right is weak—and probably married.—Lucille Goodyear.

At Ease!



"I may as well take the best one... it's for my wife on our wedding anniversary."

Potter: Do you think television will ever replace the newspapers?

Cotter: Well, I've never seen anyone carry a TV set over his head in the rain.—F. G. Kernan.

Definition

A neutral nation's usually one,
(And Brother, it's not funny),

Which always takes
the Russian's side....

And also U. S. money!

—F. G. Kernan

Two men standing on a street corner appeared to be engaged in a furious argument. Finally, one man shouted above the other, "My psychiatrist can beat your psychiatrist!"

"Oh, yeah," yelled the other. "But I'll bet my psychiatrist can cure your psychiatrist."—N. Y. *Mirror-News*.

Dialogue overheard by comic Jackie Clare: "It's raining—open the umbrella.".... "Wouldn't do no good. The umbrella's full of holes." .. "So why'd you bring it?" ... "Well, I didn't think it would rain."—Earl Wilson.

As the confused gentleman left the State Mental Hospital, he stared at his "release papers" and said: "Gee, for three years I was Napoleon, now I'm a nobody!"—WTRF-TV, Wheeling, W. Va.

When the flood subsided, Noah opened the door of the Ark and released the animals. All living creatures rushed to freedom except two snakes who lingered in a corner. "Why don't you go forth and multiply?" asked Noah in a stern voice.

"We can't," moaned one. "We're adders!"—K. A. Carlson in *Methodist Outlook*.

"George says he worships the ground I walk on," said Clara.

"I don't blame him," answered the rejected suitor. "A farm that size is not to be sneezed at."—*Construction Digest*.

The Star-Spangled Banner

Words by

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

(1779 - 1843)

Andante moderato e maestoso

mf 0 Say can you see By the dawn light, What so proud - ly we hail'd at the twi - light's fight, O'er the ram - parts we watch'd were so gal - lant - ly

The image shows a musical score for the song "The Star-Spangled Banner". The score is written on a background that features a sepia-toned photograph of a large sailing ship, likely the USS Constellation, at sea. The ship is seen from a distance, with its masts and sails visible against a hazy sky. The musical notation is in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The tempo is marked "Andante moderato e maestoso". The score includes a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes. The background image is a sepia-toned photograph of a large sailing ship, likely the USS Constellation, at sea. The ship is seen from a distance, with its masts and sails visible against a hazy sky.



